

✓R v.3 Oct. 1941 - May 1942

COLLEGE ENGLISH

Vol. 3

OCTOBER 1941

No. 1

AMERICAN LETTERS BETWEEN WARS

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It just happens, as we say, that a group of vigorous American writers exists all of whose work was produced between the years 1920 and 1940. It also happens that it is possible to characterize these writers in a general way and note that they have many traits and attitudes in common; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that much of what they have in common is due to the historical complexion of their time. That their earliest production followed by a few years the conclusion of the first World War and their later production was darkened by the shadows of the coming war is, one is inclined to say, no accident. World-wars are not isolated or purely military phenomena; they are symptoms of profound developments in the social life and ideology of the times that suffer them; and it is often possible to trace highly significant relations between the literature of a given age and the great wars that mark it. The generous ideology of the French Revolution was of extreme importance in rousing the imagination of poets like Wordsworth; and it was in reaction against the Terror and Napoleon that they built up the eloquent defenses of their metaphysic, such as *The Prelude* and *Biographia literaria*. The Napoleonic Wars were marked by severe political repression in England, and the defeat of Napoleon, by political repression throughout Europe; and this was a sharp spur to Shelley and Byron and Hazlitt. The Napoleonic Wars, together with the industrial revolution, were the cause of terrible suffering and

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disorganization in industry, which more than anything else set off the prophetic fireworks of Carlyle and Ruskin.

On American writers who took their start with the World War of 1914, one great effect of this experience was to make them disinclined to many tones of sentiment which were natural to writers of an earlier time. So many ideologies had been discredited, so many "absolutes" exploded, that these men set out with resolute determination to dispense in their work with a rhetoric of which they had been made suspicious and with any assumption of "values" which did not seem to rise spontaneously from the human scene as it deployed before them. The result was a body of fiction, in particular, which, in spite of great brilliancy and artistic resourcefulness, has seemed to many readers too bleak and chilling for the needs of the spirit. To many critics it has even appeared to be the product of cynicism and irresponsibility; but this, in my opinion, is a hasty judgment which does not give due credit to these men for their intellectual honesty and the deep, the fierce, concern they have for essentially decent human behavior and the possibility of a better social order. Their cynicism is at worst an exaggerated fear of passing false money.

It is not too easy to distinguish sharply between the product of the interbellum and the antebellum periods and to determine what names should be included in our survey. But we cannot fairly suppose that anyone who was over fifty in the year when the United States entered World War I was in any essential degree determined in his thinking and feeling by that event and the ideologies associated with it. It is even difficult to assume such determining force of the war in the case of men, like Sandburg and Mencken, who were over thirty-five in 1916. But it might at least be noticed that Sandburg's first important volume of poems was published in that very year, and his most important volume of all from the point of view of social attitudes (*The People, Yes*) in 1936. The border-line cases become more numerous when we consider writers born in the 1880's: Sinclair Lewis and Elinor Wylie, Van Wyck Brooks, Robinson Jeffers, T. S. Eliot, Maxwell Anderson and Eugene O'Neill, Walter Lippmann and Waldo Frank. The World War did not begin at Sarajevo but was being prepared by social forces strongly active throughout

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the world from at least the time of the Boer War, as Dos Passos has laid himself out to show in *The 42nd Parallel*. If we take, as example, the case of the poets Eliot and Jeffers, we realize that it was the period of the war which marks the radical change in the one from languid *mal du siècle* to the earnest religious evangelism of *The Waste Land* and *Ash Wednesday*, and that in the other from gentle discipleship to Frost in *Californians* to the fierce repudiation of human society for its vulgarity and ugliness beginning with *Tamar* in 1924.

But with Eliot and Jeffers it does not seem to me the World War, with its special penumbra of social implications, that was responsible for the tragically serious turn taken. The two men are clearly of a radical earnestness of nature which was bound to assert itself sooner or later, and which merely awaited some disastrous turn of history or some cultural catastrophe, as they might regard it, to start them going in the prophetic vein. It might be the Lisbon earthquake or it might be the *Origin of Species*. It was actually, I believe, the *Origin of Species*, the speculations of Freud and Frazer, the jibes of Menck-en, the whole series of intellectual earthquakes that so upset the equanimity of the "humanists," and, long before the war, had driven most of our intellectuals into Prufrock cynicism or the vague after-shine of transcendentalism that Robinson carried over from Brown-ing. The decadent symbolism of Eliot is partly reminiscent of French poets like Jules Laforgue and Tristan Corbière, as the imagist free verse of Amy Lowell was inspired by other French poets of her day. This sort of thing was an effort of the poetic mind to squirm out of the strait jacket of "materialism," utilitarianism, empiricism, imposed upon it by nineteenth-century science and industry. It was also an instinctive effort to free one's self from the vulgarity and commonplace of bourgeois living, to outdistance the bourgeoisie and tweak the nose of the boobs.

These negative attitudes could not continue to satisfy so strenuous and ardent a spirit as Eliot's. He must at all costs find some more positive inspiration for living. He could not find it anywhere in the collectivistic ideals of democracy or in the patient empiricism of science. He could find it neither in society nor in nature. There was nothing left for him but the uncompromising supernaturalism of Catholic faith.

As for Jeffers, he is of all poets the one who has most completely accepted the implications of science in regard to the nature of the universe and its governing powers.

Unmeasured power, incredible passion, enormous craft: no
thought apparent but burns darkly
Smothered with its own smoke in the human brain-vault:
no thought outside: a certain measure in phenomena:
The fountains of the boiling stars, the flowers on the fore-
land, the ever-returning roses of dawn.

Making allowance for poetic personification and the artist's penchant for hypostatizing beauty, we have here the most powerful statement of the naturalistic position since Lucretius. But this naturalism is a perfectly logical extension of Victorian scientific thinking; it had its anticipations in Swinburne, Meredith, and Hardy and would have found expression in American letters sooner or later even if the European powder keg had not blown up.

It is somewhat harder to trace the causes of Jeffers' misanthropy, his extreme dislike for human beings in the herd ("Shine, Perishing Republic"). Did he read Byron at Occidental or Nietzsche at Zürich? And why did they "take"? What secret wounding of his own psyche drove him into this Rousseauistic solitude, this Thoreau anarchism, this Coriolanus scorn for demos? It is a recurrent phenomenon in literature; and there is nothing in the record to show why it happened in twentieth-century Carmel rather than in eighteenth-century Dublin or third-century Lybia. It was the war in 1914 that turned the Jefferses from England to Carmel, and there he found the setting for the sadistic tragedies by which he is mainly known. These are even less obviously of contemporary inspiration. In "Apology for Bad Dreams," Jeffers has explained his motive for writing these poems, and it takes us back to the Congo or the gods of Philistia. Life, he says, is full of pain and horror; the very beauty of the Carmel coast calls out for blood sacrifices to satisfy some primal law of compensation. The best way to ward off suffering from his own house is to invent imaginary victims. The "magic" he invokes is, of course, psychological. What Jeffers is giving here is a modern version of Aristotle's catharsis. It is modern in the sense that it is inspired by the contemporary science of anthropology. If the World

War had anything to do with it, it was simply by supplying instances of horror and cruelty in the nature of things, and these might have been supplied by any other war or by any natural disaster such as the San Francisco Fire.

It is, of course, important to remind ourselves of the spiritual climate to which all American intellectuals were born in the twentieth century. But if we are to characterize the peculiar cast of interbellum writing, we must narrow our view. Critics are saddened by my not including Ellen Glasgow and Willa Cather in my recent survey of typical writers of this period. There are two reasons for not including Ellen Glasgow. The first is that more than half her work appeared in print before 1917 and that her techniques and attitudes were established in the same period as Dreiser's and Wharton's. The second is that I have wished to take into account writers of greater force, originality, and distinction than she impresses me as being, in spite of her conscientious realism and her conscious attention to form. I grow impatient with her long expositions, her formal characterizations, her perpetual perfunctory landscapes, and above all her endless colorless records of what her characters think and feel on all occasions. It is mainly, in these subjective passages, her penchant for brave clichés which "dates" her at the same time that it ranks her somewhat below the best writers of either the antebellum or the postbellum period.

She saw now, as she had seen in the night, that life is never what one dreamed, that it is seldom what one desired: yet for the vital spirit and the eager mind, the future will always hold the search for buried treasure and the possibilities of high adventure.

Readers who have followed the heroine of *Barren Ground* to the final page will find that "buried treasure" and "high adventure" (echoes, perhaps, of Stevenson and the lantern-bearers) are the last things naturally suggested by Miss Glasgow's record.

As for Willa Cather, she has a lighter touch than Ellen Glasgow and has pretty consistently fought shy of contemporary subjects. Her wistful reminiscent charm has laid its delicate shadow on rocks already mellow with time and legend. *Death Comes for the Archbishop* should be listed with *Java Head* and *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* as a charming volume falling within this period, but it has no

more to tell us than the others of the serious preoccupations of the interbellum mind.

No, we cannot escape the facts, however they may fall short of what we had hoped. We had hoped for the "great American novel," which meant something as jolly as Dickens, as noble as Tolstoy, as refined as Edith Wharton, and as heartening as Edgar Guest. But our writers had been driving ambulances and airplanes in the war. They had been riding the rods in the West and taking a look at the "jungles" in the South. They had been working in textile mills where men spit blood. They had witnessed the assembly line and the speed-up, the speculative boom and the long depression, the millions idle and Oklahoma farmers made homeless. They witnessed the violation of civil rights by the F.B.I., the bloody suppression of the I.W.W., the disgrace of Daugherty and Harding. On the international stage they saw Mr. Wilson made a fool of at Versailles and repudiated by the Senate. They saw Manchukuo, Ethiopia, Spain delivered to the wolves. They saw the brutal and obscene martyrdom of the Jewish race, the suppression of free thought throughout the continent of Europe, the cause of the people betrayed in Russia. They saw the British government cynically playing the game of the Nazis, hoping to turn them East. They had seen every ideology discredited, every slogan turned to vile uses, democracy itself made the cloak for exploitation and economic banditry.

These were the grosser facts in the light of which they had to make their interpretation of life. In the realm of theory they were heirs to all the systems prevailing among the pre-war group, but taken at a later stage. Darwinism was even more firmly established. It was no longer something to be wrestled with, compensated for, and reinterpreted in the light of ancient idealisms. Nineteenth-century mechanism had been refined and softened under the influence of the newer physics; but the relativism that led Eddington and Jeans back to vagueness and "indeterminacy" was less heartening when it spread from the realm of matter to the realm of values. Marx was in the ascendent. But Marxianism had passed from the first phase, in which men deplored the wastefulness and cruelty of capitalism and prayed for the coming of the co-operative commonwealth, into the second phase, in which the stress was laid on relativism in the inter-

pretation of social ideals. Men's ideals were ultimately the product of their position in the industrial setup, and the finest sentiments might be simply the specious defense of an economic advantage. Freud was in the ascendent. But Freudianism had passed from its first phase, in which men were shocked at the prominence of the libido in the world of sentiment, to its second, in which all sentiment, all opinion, was seen as not something justified by reason but something explainable as the product of rationalization. These relativistic and "materialistic" interpretations were carried by Veblen into every department of "bourgeois" mores, and the pride of the aristocrat in his virtues and refinements was stripped barer than ever Teufelsdröckh had stripped it. The "soul" ceased to be a respectable term in psychology and gave way to behavior as the only subject capable of objective study and verification. If "behaviorism" was discredited by the crudities and extravagances of Watson, it was only the word that had to be abandoned; the method and assumptions triumphed in nearly every school of psychology.

It was this relativism and behaviorism that distinguished the time of Hemingway and Farrell as sharply from that of Glasgow and Hergesheimer as the horror of restored legitimacy distinguished the time of Byron and Shelley from that of Wordsworth and Coleridge. The interbellum writers bound themselves by a self-denying ordinance. They were not to indulge themselves in the abstractions of reason and sentiment (soap bubbles of rationalizing emotion). These had been losing weight and substance ever since the days of Ruskin. They were to abjure the polysyllabic adjectives that serve not to illuminate human nature but to fringe it with an aura of gaseous iridescence. They were not to allow themselves the higher constructions of sentimental syntax—the card-castle periods of Pater and James and Proust. Their job was not to make us love their characters but to show them to us in action. It mattered little what their people thought and felt—how they justified themselves for what they did with noble words—Platonic fictions. Still less was the author to smear his people with pinks and blues and yellows so that we might know what moral evaluation to put upon them. The important thing was to show the stimulus and the response in action.

Farrell's Studs Lonigan was not a good man nor a bad man. He

was an average kid, with capacities in him for a rich, full life. He was dropped into a cultural vacuum where nothing could flourish but hooliganism. We watch him falling through all the circles of ignoble hell, and we are left to mourn "the expense of spirit in a waste of shame." But our compassion for Studs, our sense of the fearful moral of his case, is not induced by any words of the author intended to rouse our sympathy or direct our understanding. His part was to choose and range the facts in logical, behavioristic sequence; and we are left to make our own interpretations. Essentially the same method is applied to the case of Charley Anderson in *U.S.A.*, to the Jeeters in *Tobacco Road*, to the drifters and seekers of Hemingway's "lost generation." And it is this want of disarming rhetoric more than anything in the subject matter that has labeled these men hard-boiled and materialistic.

Wolfe and Faulkner make a partial exception to the character of interbellum fiction as sketched above. The behaviorism is there in full force, but it is heavily disguised in Wolfe, and in much of Faulkner, by the plush of speech (to use Meredith's phrase)—the preciousness of Faulkner, the turgid mysticism of Wolfe, the frenzied and affected verbalism which is the tribute they both pay to their character as southern gentlemen and to the literary tradition of Scott and Poe. And this is not simply a question of words. Both of them are clear that, however perverse or ignoble is the action of their characters, it is the action of spirits. In Wolfe the romantic confusion is most marked, for his leading characters are but masks for himself. And when they mistake their appetities or their ambitions for something godlike, when he clothes them in a cloudy mantle of fine words, he is the dupe of his own sophistication as much as Byron in *Childe Harold* or Shelley in *Epipsychidion*.

But there is this to be said. The rhetoric of these men is not the weakly genteel rhetoric, the sentimental moonshine, of 1910 or 1890. These men, whose work was all produced since 1925, have made a clean break with the antebellum manner and go back to earlier masters for their inspiration. And the passionate ambitions, the perverse idealisms and obsessions which are served up with this extravagance of rhetoric are not the puling aspirations of Georgian sentiment as these are so well recorded in Eliot's *Portrait of a Lady*.

These are not "nice" people, but stripped and tortured beings ready to risk their very souls on the desperate gamble of all-or-nothing. It is a kind of fierce paganism, along with a fierce and pitiless realism, that makes these writers contemporary with the less rhetorical authors of their time.

Dos Passos and Marquand have this in common that they have not altogether neglected the class of people who are characterized by "niceness" of sentiment. Only, with both of them, the concern is to show up, by their irony, the falseness or the sterility of this "bourgeois" refinement of feeling. In Marquand this is a comparatively simple matter, though it is managed with considerable skill and subtlety of effect. The superiority of the Apleys proves in the last analysis to be hardly more than the snobbishness of unproductive wealth; their Boston refinement hardly more than the deprivation of what for more demanding spirits would spell life itself. As for the Brills of *Wickford Point*, their traditionary culture is nothing more than a racket, by which they secure for themselves the comforts of idleness and social consideration.

With Dos Passos, the irony strikes deeper and goes to the very roots of social sentimentalism. His public relations counselor, J. Ward Moorehouse, and his interior decorator, Elenor Stoddard—it is actual want of heart, disguised as niceness of sentiment, that enables these to make their way in the world and feather their nests so well, the one by way of finance, the other by way of aesthetics, and both of them by way of professional benevolence. They have all the right sentiments and no feelings at all, save a liking for success and a revulsion from the common. These people have no knowledge of themselves, and Dos Passos never characterizes them except in terms of their own dim perceptions. It is only the record of the facts which in the end makes us realize how perfectly, in this commercial world, shallowness and obtuseness qualify their holders for success. It is one of the purest examples of what I have called the behaviorism of this school of writing, and all the more remarkable because it is operating in a field of highly complicated motivations.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that, because these men are so shy of sentimental ideologies, they are therefore cynics, or materialists, or "irresponsibles." There is plenty of evidence that

Caldwell is deeply concerned for the spiritual degradation that accompanies the desperate indigence of agricultural labor in the South, that Farrell harbors a fierce hatred for the cultural poverty into which he was born and of which he was himself like a brand snatched from the burning. Dos Passos is a born aesthete, a tender spirit bruised and revolted by his experience in the war. It was not by choice that he wrote of America in his day as the heartless arena of commercial anarchy; he was forced to build his whole artistic structure out of materials naturally repugnant to his nature. Wolfe, we know, though a stormy and ill-regulated spirit, driven by desperate need to compensate for some deep sense of inferiority, was yet a man singly devoted to the pure ideal of literary art. He came to realize before he died the shoddy egoism of much for which he had striven; he came to realize how incapable are fame and "love" to fill the void of the spirit. He was all along aware of the essential largeness of men by virtue of their ideal aims and aspirations; and in the end he was convinced that the individual can never find full satisfaction except as he makes common cause with other men in the realization of their common aims.

Hemingway is perhaps the one most reluctant to take into his mouth any of the sacred words that have been so discredited, to embrace any ideology or system of values that he has not tried out in his personal experience. He was militantly determined to come at any higher values only by the slow inductive method of trial and experiment. He began with the simplest and surest things like physical sensations. But in the end he proved for himself the reality, not merely of the traditional romantic sentiment of love, but also of courage, of faithfulness to one's comrades, and, beyond that, of loyalty to the humane ideal which goes under the name of the Republic. He has been slow to deal with these intangibles. But we have to respect the slowness of a man who had to serve his years in war-torn Spain before he could write *For Whom the Bell Tolls*; who has always had to live through any subject before he could verbalize upon it.

One of the latest comers is Steinbeck, and it may be that the tone of his writing is an anticipation of the future in American fiction. There is a sunnier note in him than in any of the others. The ele-

ments in him are kindlier mixed. He was born under fortunate skies and seemingly favored by the conditions of his breeding. He did not begin with the Okies, but with themes more romantic and less overcast with the anxious problems of labor and unemployment. The toiler attracted him first by his vitality, his pride, his bonhomie. Steinbeck saw him as picturesque and heroic, with a luster round him as in the wood blocks of Rockwell Kent. It was the dust storms, the great migrations of the homeless, the desperate race against hunger and exploitation, that drew out the strenuous somber note of *The Grapes of Wrath*. And even here what most impresses him is the sturdiness and flexibility of human beings pitted against the anonymous forces of nature and the industrial machine—man's capacity to learn and grow, the persistence of the family pattern, and the inevitability with which new social units, confronted with new situations, evolve new forms of organization and control. His view of "demos" is full of reminders of Sandburg's in *The People, Yes*, whether he shows him as ignorant and gullible, suffering perpetual relapse and defeat, as salty and tough and shrewd, or as having the power of direction toward an ideal—"growing beyond his work, walking up the stairs of his concepts."

It was, on the whole, a period of marked distrust for traditional ideologies and for anything that smacks of spiritual pretentiousness. And these writers are all characterized by their disinclination to take anything on trust, by their stern avoidance of what they would call sentimentalism. They have frequently been dismissed as mere naughty boys, smart-alecks, with no sense of responsibility toward the American culture which they represent. But that has so often been the reaction of critics to anything a bit too lively, a bit too novel, for a taste formed on other models! The seriousness and sincerity of these writers I see no reason to doubt, nor even their essential idealism as a group. Their idealism is tentative and full of reservations. They are, like us all in the present moment, abnormally touchy, fearful of being taken in. We should not wish our writers to be bigger fools than ourselves. What these writers are concerned with at bottom is that men should attain to the spiritual dignity of which they are potentially capable, that the social forms which embody relations among men should be social in the full sense of the

word and should better reflect the ideals of democratic justice to which in this country we pay at least lip service.

We complain somewhat childishly that they have not the breadth and geniality of the great Victorian writers. Our novelists and poets are spoiling for a chance to expand and shine in the sun. The climate has been too chill and bleak for any growths less hardy than pine and spruce. Let us have a little more sun, and we shall see apple blossoms again, and sweet apples in season. But we must remember that the greatest writers of fiction have always been realists in the main. And realism has to have something to work with before it can sound the resonant note of faith and hope. To those who view with alarm the tone of interbellum writing, we might say: What could we expect from men conditioned as these have been? What came ye forth into the wilderness for to see? Will ye gather figs from thistles?

HOW WORDSWORTH CHANGED THE DICTION OF *THE PRELUDE*

MARY E. BURTON¹

Professor de Selincourt's collation² in 1926 of the early manuscripts of Wordsworth's *Prelude* with the 1850 edition made possible a detailed study of Wordsworth's art, early and late. The poem, originally composed in 1805-6, never satisfied Wordsworth; but his corrections were not numerous until 1832 and again in 1839, when he spent long periods of time in revising the poem for publication after his death. When it appeared in 1850 and until 1926, no one knew just how much he had changed the work of his youth, for the early manuscripts were not known until Professor de Selincourt gave them to the public. The general opinion was that the older Wordsworth was so lacking in creative ability, so staid in his beliefs, that whatever changes he had made were for the worse.

The editor, whose work was one of collation, not of analysis, and

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² *Wordsworth's Prelude*, ed. Ernest de Selincourt (London: Oxford University Press, 1926).

the reviewers pointed out certain revisions that might have been expected of the older Wordsworth as he is generally pictured, not as Miss Batho has presented him since that time.³ No one classified or analyzed all of the revisions.

The following study is but part of a longer work which takes into account all of the thousands of changes Wordsworth made in this work of his youth. While the numerous changes in meaning and the other technical revisions throw many a surprising sidelight on Wordsworth, no part of the study so thoroughly reveals his art as the following analysis of his hundreds of changes in diction.

As we note, classify, and study the revisions in *The Prelude*, we see that to the end Wordsworth is intensely alive to the whole problem of poetic diction, for the changes in single words, exclusive of all such alterations incidental to other changes, are by far the most numerous of the revisions. Throughout *The Prelude* an average of one word in about eight lines is altered. As we notice the distribution of these revisions, we see that Wordsworth worked with no spasmodic attention to words but with a steady, well-organized attempt to improve his diction.

Isolating these vocabulary revisions and reading them through separately, we notice that they fall naturally into certain groups, each apparently illustrating some of the poet's definite principles of poetic diction. From among the nearly one thousand revisions of words, fewer than twenty lie outside the following general classifications:

CORRECTIONS

Perhaps the changes in diction which seemed the most important to the poet himself are those which I have labeled "corrections" because they show evidence that the poet's purpose is to correct an error rather than merely to polish his diction. If the examples in this group reveal the inadequacy or the fault of his original expression, they also show both his recognition of the error and his later ability to correct it. The poet must have smiled to himself as he noticed some of his mistakes. He might well have frowned at others.

He is especially dissatisfied, for instance, with the strange collective nouns he has used for *boys*. He changes *race* and *crew* to *band*

³ Edith C. Batho, *The Later Wordsworth* (Cambridge: University Press, 1933).

(I 507:481, X 564:600),⁴ *flock* to *youth* (VI 3:3). Where, in reference to the boys' native regions, he has said "the ground where they were *sown*," he substitutes "ground they *trod*" (I 508:482). Akin to this correction is the use of *fix us* for *plant us* in the line "*Plant us* upon some lofty pinnacle" (VII 261:244). As with boys, he has some trouble in finding the proper word for groups of people; for a glad *rout*, he now says *throng* (VI 422:415); and for *inmates* in the hearts of men, *dwellers* (I 175:164).

By far the most interesting corrections are those in which the poet expresses his thought more accurately than he had been able to in 1805-6. Here changes of meaning are incidental to the correction of the word, for the revision in no sense represents a new idea. The poet has referred in 1805-6 to the *tether* of a boat (I 382:360), but he now says *chain*; to a *procession* of vales, now to a *succession* of vales (VI 390:383). For *landed* from a chaise he substitutes *alighted* (III 15:17); for a fish's *business*, its *sport* (VI 699:772); to *stoop*, in reference to a plant, becomes to *bend* (VIII 548:398). Is there not some humor in the mental images that prompted Wordsworth to change a *moving* tree to a *waving* tree (IV 82:91) and a *long-backed* chapel to *long-roofed* (III 4:4)?

Sometimes such a revision does involve a better thought about the fact itself, as that Gehol's gardens were composed by patient *toil* rather than by *skill* (VIII 127:80), or that tapestry is *wrought* rather than *spun* (III 591:563). One wonders why he did not say *woven* instead of either, but the problems of the poet are not so simple as that. Here he is using tapestry as a figure of speech only and must find a word to fit both manners and tapestry.

In some cases the original error seems to have been a slip of the pen; for instance, in 1805-6 he has referred to reverence for the "glorious dead" and to "fervent love of rigorous discipline" as a high *commotion*, which he changes to *emotion* (III 349:345). Often we have to pause to find the error he is correcting. The distinction, for instance, between *dawn* and *morn*, in reference to childhood, does not seem important until we realize that he could not well say that such objects as the public road had had power over his imagination

⁴ The first number in each line reference refers to the 1805-6 version; the second, to the 1850 edition.

since the *dawn* of childhood (XII:XIII 147:145). Finding that he has written that his *path* lay through Paris, he substitutes *course* (IX 40:42). When he realizes that the word does not mean quite what he thought it did when he referred to a *noviciate* mind, he says, more correctly, *inexperienced* mind (X:XII 683:96).

So critically does Wordsworth examine every word that he finds here and there a slight inexactness which no one else would notice because the truth lies only in the poet's own memory. When we see how painstakingly he corrects even the slightest tendency to give a false impression, we realize, as never before, that sincerity with him is an inborn passion, carried, sometimes, almost to an extreme. It is difficult for the person who studies the revisions of *The Prelude* carefully to agree with Mr. Read's description of this poem as a "deliberate mask."⁵

In VI 502:568, for instance, where he had referred to a beaten *road* to a rivulet's edge, memory reminds him that it was a *way*, not a *road*, and he carefully makes the correction; likewise, a *steep* ascent becomes a *long* ascent (IV 370:379), and the village green is a *turf* instead of a *field* (VIII 49:58). Perhaps he is almost too meticulous when he changes *surrounding* cottages to *neighboring* cottages (II 148:141), but again his memory apparently presents a picture that *surrounding* does not satisfy. It also appears to be for the sake of veracity rather than for artistic effect that he makes several changes in the number of nouns. In I 444:417 the *valleys* become one *valley*; and in the same book (597:570) the shepherd's *huts*, a single *hut*. Likewise in the revision the *tutors* or *tailors* he visited or patronized, in his first college days, become *tutor* or *tailor* (III 26:28). In VIII 194:147 he has referred to the streets along which the maids have sung at festal times. But when he realizes that the village he has in mind had only one street, he corrects his number.

Wordsworth is ever careful lest his words connote more than he intends. He changes his remark about the passing of his childhood from "We ran a boisterous *race*" to "We ran a boisterous *course*" (II 48:47). Likewise some added personal meaning of the word *communion*, as well as a possibility of misinterpretation, leads him

⁵ Herbert Edward Read, *Wordsworth* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1930), p. 14.

to change the phrase "To hold *communion* with the invisible world" to "To hold *fit converse* with the spiritual world" (XIV:XV 105:108). In V 405:380, writing of the echo that does not respond, he has said that the silence *mocked* the boy's skill, but, discerning a possible paradox in an echo that mocks by silence, he substitutes *baffled*. It is because of such minutiae that the 1850 edition is the easier poem to read.

Wordsworth is acutely aware of the inaccuracy that Ruskin later labeled the "pathetic fallacy." Under his pen, *lazy* books become *trivial* (III 254:254); *lonesome* places *lonely* (III 234:234); a *summer* seat, a *sunny* seat (IV 38:47). Whatever the dictionaries may say, the picture presented by the description of a building as *dizzy* is more appropriate than the one which results from his earlier word *giddy*, not because of any essential difference in the meaning of the two words but because, by connotation, *giddy* attributes to the edifice a certain human frivolity Wordsworth did not intend to describe, while *dizzy* produces the proper emphatic reaction (VII 129:129). There are many examples of such corrections, each one for some reason interesting in itself.⁶

THE USE OF ONE WORD TO REPLACE TWO OR MORE WORDS

Early in the study of these revisions we notice that Wordsworth frequently substitutes one word for more than one. Often he is thus applying a certain principle of compression, but frequently he does so when there is no saving in number of lines or syllables. Neither do these changes on the whole alter the rhythm. The exact reason for them is not at once discernible. A check in the *Concordance* reveals that many of the words of this 1850 group had been used by the poet before he revised *The Prelude*. They are not all, then, new to his vocabulary. Are we to deduce from this that his earlier use of two words where one might serve was a conscious striving for simplicity of effect? And do such revisions signify a reversal of his theory as regards poetic diction? Was the earlier use of some of these words in other poems mere accident, while this more conscious shift

⁶ Some of them may be found in the following lines: I 3: 2, 82: 72, 110: 101, 353: 342, 414: 387, 464: 437, 477: 450, 551: 524; III 37: 39, 105: 98, 159: 161, 464: 454; IV 30: 41, 184: 194, 194: 203, 371: 380; V 30: 31; VI 625: 695; VII 222: 206, 267: 249, 305: 283 (a change probably for the worse); VIII 43: 43; IX 39: 40; X: XI 1003: 419; XI: XII 360: 301; XII: XIII 84: 82; XIII: XIV 332: 348.

to them is founded on some definite principle? Or has the poet of the 1850 edition acquired this new diction merely by experience in writing? Only by examining these and the other revisions can we hope to find a possible answer to such questions. The examples of such revisions follow:

	VERBS	
1805-6	1850	Line Reference
set free	escaped	I 7:6
shape out	invent	I 220:221
given up	resigned	I 254:252
did flash	appeared	III 581:552
shut out	debarred	V 242:242
are conven'd	reunite	VI 4:4
did give	bestowed	VI 89:75
given away	vanished	VII 137:143
make up	compose	VII 690:717
call'd back	recalled	X 208:250
come back	return	XI:XII 335:278
	NOUNS	
access of joy	beatitude	VI 547:613
the human form	humanity	VII 425:390
transitory accidents	circumstance	VIII 779:624
least fear	trepidation	X 127:144
glee of spirit	transport	X 540:576
	ADJECTIVES	
the heavy (rain)	incessant	I 563:536
the steady (clouds)	impending	I 593:566
wakeful even	sensitive	III 135:139
their huge	ponderous	III 483:473
he was alone	companionless	IV 415:399
own college (life)	collegiate	VI 297:287
dull and heavy	melancholy	VI 549:617
that's finished	completed	VII 652:679
	ADVERBS	
at sundry seasons	oftentimes	V 54:55
by itself	alone	VI 575:642
at first	early	VIII 411:277

It seems evident that his command of the language is more facile and that he is now only replacing phrases he had used temporarily until he could acquire greater proficiency in the use of words. His knowledge that his skill was not so great as he hoped it would be-

come had prevented him from publishing *The Prelude* until he felt alert enough to see and replace such harsh and immature expressions as we see in the first column above.

THE USE OF MORE MEANINGFUL WORDS

It has been rather generally concluded that Wordsworth told more in the 1805-6 *Prelude* than in the 1850 edition. Although that, in a sense, is true, it is obvious from a detailed study of the changes that the later poem is in another sense more closely packed with meaning. Where he sees an opening, the poet slips in a word with added meaning, without, however, changing the original sufficiently to justify calling such a revision a change of sense, for he seems merely to be making good use of waste space. Repeatedly he substitutes an adjective for an article:

1805-6	1850	Line Reference
<i>the</i> distant hills	<i>far</i> distant hills	I 469:442
<i>the</i> Sunday afternoons	<i>hot</i> Sunday afternoons	IV 219:228
by <i>the</i> light	by <i>dim</i> light	V 522:498
through <i>the</i> fog	through <i>thick</i> fog	VIII 400:266
<i>the</i> work	<i>dire</i> work	X 32:42
<i>a</i> reverence	<i>fit</i> reverence	III 344:340
<i>a</i> little month	<i>one</i> little month	X 65:74
<i>a</i> higher power	<i>yet</i> higher power	XII:XIII 363:358

Sometimes it is *and* that is replaced, as in "*clear* footing many a mile" for "*and* footing many a mile" (IX 441:436); or the personal pronoun gives way to another word, as in X 21:28 where *all* replaces *them*. Prepositions and demonstrative adjectives are sacrificed for words of greater import. That "*forth to till* the fields" offers a clearer picture than "*forth into* the fields" there is no question. Although the changes of this sort are not numerous—some twenty-five in all—they serve to indicate some part of the poet's purpose in the revision and, linked with similar revisions, may form a chain worth noticing.

Connected with this use of more forceful terms is the avoidance of the verb *to be* pointed out by Professor de Selincourt in his Introduction. More than twenty-five times Wordsworth substitutes another verb for some part of the verb *to be*. An examination of each instance is instructive, for only a few times does he repeat the substituted word. *Stand* and *lie* are used several times, as in "*stood*

prepared" for "*were prepared*" (IX 184:182), and the "*sea lay laughing*" for the "*sea was laughing*" (IV 333:326); *rise* and *prove* are repeated; *become* is used only twice. *Reign, shine, fly, strive, reach, couch, walk, and dawn* are among the more significant substitutions.⁷

THE USE OF MORE SPECIFIC WORDS

Just as Wordsworth skilfully replaces meaningless words with more useful ones, he finds specific terms for vague ones. His means of drawing exact meaning from hazy expressions is in itself a lesson in composition. This is largely a matter of diction, for the sense is not changed; it is merely limited to the meaning that the poet first intended but failed to catch in the word he used. When he says "*faith in life endless*" instead of "*feeling of life endless*" (XIII:XIV 183:204), we know that he meant *faith* when he said *feeling*.

He limits the meaning of nouns by using synecdoche, as in *wheels for chaise* (III 1:1), *cheek for face* (VII 379:352), and *days for times* (X 561:597); by substituting the particular for the general, *notes for sounds* (II 327:308), *schemes for thoughts* (IV 273:281 and V 526:502), *wreaths for flowers* (VIII 198:151).⁸

Verbs are intensified. It is interesting to notice the degree of intensity illustrated by such examples as his change of *look* to *see* in III 144:146 and *see* to *spy* in VII 38:32; or in the change from *speak* to *tell* in I 116:108, and from *tell* to *proclaim* in V 191:190. *Hear* becomes *listen* (I 184:174); *watch, mark* (XIII:XIV 219:240); *remember, review* (X 451:492). The "*wind passing overhead*" becomes the "*wind sweeping overhead*" (II 116:109). Twice *remain* gives place to *survive* (III 63:62; IV 345:338). The effect of more than forty such revisions is to render the poem more intense.⁹

In the choice of more specific adjectives, Wordsworth employs the principle both of limiting the meaning, as in his changes of nouns,

⁷ A full list of such changes follows: I 654:626; III 405:499; IV 331:324, 334:327; VI 599:669; VII 72:65, 390:364, 541:510; VIII 340:203, 385:252, 414:280; IX 348:342; X 465:509, 530:568, 525:563, 551:587; XI:XII 333:276, 350:292, 359:300, 388:329; XII:XIII 120:114; XIII:XIV 95:95, 228:248, 239:259.

⁸ Other examples are found in II 36:36; VI 172:152; VIII 377:237, 800:644; X 86:99, 484:523; XII:XIII 214:215; XIII:XIV 257:290.

⁹ Other interesting examples of this intensification of verbs occur in the following lines: II 198:193; III 119:125; IV 208:217; V 100:99; VI 42:30, 108:93; VII 472:440, 716:740; XIII:XIV 1:3, 41:40.

and of intensifying it, as he has with the verbs. That the word *millions* is more forceful than *many* (XII:XIII 92:89) is obvious; a *long* half-hour actually seems longer than a *full* half-hour (V 421:396); *social* life more specific than mere *human* life (III 544:514). Wordsworth notices, while he is making such changes, that the word *common* is more ambiguous than he had realized, and with it changes *vulgar* as well. *Common* minds become *passive* minds (II 405:386); *common* eye, *unwatchful* eye (II 319:300); *vulgar* eyes, *careless* eyes (XII:XIII 168:168); *vulgar* fear, *soul debasing* fear (V 473:451).

It is in the class of such revisions that we find instances of the avoidance of *sweet* and *beauteous*, both mentioned by Professor de Selincourt; but they are not, by actual count, so numerous as his statement would lead one to suppose. In seven different lines Wordsworth substitutes a word for *sweet*. *Sweet* stream in 1850 becomes *clear* stream (I 13:12); *sweet* vale, *known* vale (I 82:72); *sweet* promise, *bold* promise (I 138:128); *sweet* notice, *welcome* notice (I 598:571); *sweet* task, *smooth* task (XII:XIII 18:14); *sweet* friend, *dear* friend (XIII:XIV 227:247); *sweetest* sight, *liveliest* sight (XIII:XIV 392:394). The adverb *sweetly* becomes *calmly* (VIII 319:181). Once he omits a phrase containing *sweet* (XIII:285), but once, likewise, he adds the word (XII:XIII 353:349).

Three of the six shifts from *beauteous* to a better word are in the first book; one appears early in Book II. Since two of these are to *beautiful*, the importance of this change is not great.¹⁰ The word *beauty* and its entire context are deleted in I 226.¹¹

WORDS RICHER IN POETIC ASSOCIATION

When we examine such changes as those listed below, we are convinced that the poet no longer considers the language of common men suitable to poetry, at least not to this poem. The question is, of course, whether he ever used the language of common men. Here, in a few instances at least, we are sure he is trying to avoid it. It is worth noticing that usually when the change to a more poetic word necessitates the use of more syllables he economizes elsewhere to

¹⁰ See I 287:285, 573:546, 636:608; II 51:50; V 416:392; VII 510:479.

¹¹ Other adjective revisions of this kind are: I 30:28, 111:102, 521:495; II 390:371; III 346:342; IV 17:28; VI 687:760; IX 476:475; XI:XII 141:96.

make the revision possible. The following lists contain only those changes that are of diction alone. His use of obsolete verb forms, of more poetic order, his omission of commonplace phrases, and the addition of certain fine expressions are a matter rather of rhetorical effect than of mere choice of word.

VERBS		
1805-6	1850	Line Reference
see	behold	III 57:59
sticks	cleaves	III 667:630
mark	ken	IV 413:397
have	possess	VII 64:59
stuck	adhered	X:X1 800:216
NOUNS		
ice	glassy plain	I 478:452
clothes	garb	III 36:38
errand	enterprise	V 117:117
residence	abode	IX 80:81
horses	palfreys	XI:XII 349:291
wood	copse	XI:XII 363:304
woods	grove	XI:XII 388:329
chat	talk	XIII:XIV 17:16
cur	lurcher	XIII:XIV 23:22
strength	power	XIII:XIV 168:190 189:210

The only important adjective changes of this sort are the shift in II 104:98 from the natural boyish expression *good old Inn-keeper* to the more poetic *courteous inn-keeper*, which is not so suitable to the context as the original form, and the change from *bodily* strength, to *corporeal* strength in II 79:80.

The adverbs offer a better opportunity for poetic diction.

ADVERBS		
1805-6	1850	Line Reference
in which	wherein	I 525:499
to which	whereto	II 337:318
enough	no more	III 195:197
(stars come) out	forth	III 258:258
meanwhile	ere long	IV 421:404
again	once more	IV 497:462
perhaps	perchance	VI 103:88
near	nigh	VI 625:695

Wordsworth abandons a poetic word for an everyday term when he changes *clad* to *clothed* in IV 414:398 and *adieu* to *farewell* in VI 3:3. Other changes of this kind are forced upon the poet, as when beauty gives way to truth in the change from *erelong* to *at length* in I 70:61, or when a metrical consideration forces him to replace *eventide* with *evening* (IV 109:118).

BETTER GENERAL VOCABULARY

The thirty-four word changes we have classed under the general title of better diction are all either verbs or adjectives. In such a group it is natural that the nouns should be missing, for the use of a different noun implies a somewhat definite change, while these improvements are of a vaguer sort. The list is made up of such adjective changes as: from *bastard* virtue to *spurious* virtue (VI 42:30), from vigour *asleep* to vigour *allayed* (VI 490:559), from *devouring* sea to *ravenous* sea (IX 4:4), and from *studious* care to *scrupulous* care (IX 121:120). The verb changes are comparatively insignificant except for the substitution of *renewed* (a voyage) for *pursu'd* it (VI 414:407), and of *furthered* good for *promoted* good (XIII:XIV 354:358).

MINOR WORD REVISIONS

In a sense, the apparently unimportant revisions are more significant than those of more obvious purpose. In his attention to such minute detail we come to know Wordsworth for the artist that he is.

Where he can, and once where he should not, Wordsworth substitutes *amid* for another word: for *about* in I 92:82, for *among* in I 283:279, *'mid* for *in* in IV 316:309, VII 134:135, VIII 183:133, and for *with* XIII:XIV 76:80. In I 609:581 and in IX 443:437 he employs in the revision both this favored preposition and the more poetic *oft* by substituting *oft amid* for *often in*. Once he sacrifices his rhythm for the exchange of *amid* for *in*.

To make it whirl the faster.
In the depth
 That it may whirl the faster.
Amid the depth

—X 346:374

Some of the other changes of prepositions are obviously for the better; some seem merely to satisfy the poet's whim. "Naked of external things" is indeed more exact than "naked *in* external things" (I 165:154), and "pure of heart" less clearly reminiscent of its source than "pure *in* heart" (III 198:200); "wedded *in* purest bond" slightly changes the meaning of "wedded *by* purest bond" (V 105:104). But there seems to be little point in changing "fields *in* June" to "fields *of* June" (VII 587:593), or in changing "the harmony of music" to "the harmony *in* music" (I 352:341).

Its gates is altered to read *the gates* (VII 132:132); *this sight* becomes *the sight* (VII 427:392); the effect of rhyme in *those whose* prompts a shift to *them whose* (X 366:394). Again the lines

Error without apology on the side
Of those who were against us,

were euphonious enough, but when Wordsworth has changed *apology* to *excuse*, he has so many *s*'s that he must substitute *them* for *those*, or so he thinks:

Error without excuse upon the side
Of them who strove against us,¹²

—IX 347-48:341-42

The desire for euphony, I believe, prompts the change from *'twixt* and *betwixt* to *between* (II 473:458; XI:XII 17:26, 18:27). Interchange of articles, demonstratives, possessives, and personal pronouns represents a slight shift in meaning or in point of view, so insignificant as to seem negligible, but sufficiently important to the truthful poet to induce him to make the revision. For instance, although the change of *the* plain to *a* plain (II 163:156) represents a minor revision, it is sufficient in its context, "*the* plain of a small bowling green," to indicate a change of number. Among these minor revisions of words occur some six substitutions of *a* for *the* or vice versa, or *the* for *that*, or *those* for *these* for which I can see no reason. Some idea the poet certainly must have had, or the lines would have remained as they were. After all, however, it is rather remarkable

¹² Other lines where this avoidance of *s* seems to be the cause of a minor change are: I 349:338; IV 251:260; V 21:22; VIII 681:535; X 234:268, 524:562; XII:XIII 148:146.

that in such a vast work of re-writing only these lie outside some definite and fairly obvious category.¹³

CONCLUSION

If this analysis of Wordsworth's emendation of words serves no other purpose, it should offer concrete evidence to the doubtful that the revisions of Wordsworth's later years do not represent the meaningless toying with his poems that they are sometimes assumed to be, but, on the contrary, were prompted by definite and easily observable principles. That these hundreds of changes fall readily into obvious categories is proof of the orderliness of the poet's mind at a time when he is supposed to have grown dull and unimaginative.¹⁴

He busily corrects the errors he has altogether failed to observe as he wrote and as he supervised Mary and Dorothy in reading and copying of the poem. Where he has committed the puerility of employing more words than are necessary, he now has the one correct word at his command. Where he has been unable to express the finer shades of his meaning, he now has a vocabulary suited to his thought. Because he has at the tip of his pen specific as well as generic terms, he can be definite where he was vague. If his expression borders on the commonplace, he elevates it. The thoroughness with which he attacks this revision, probing into and questioning even the use of minor words, reveals an old man working with the zeal and the eagerness of a youth but with the judgment and skill that only years can bring. There is no diminution of his power in poetic diction; there is, on the contrary, every sign that he is more alert in his choice of words than he had been twenty years before. If our ideal in the selection of words be accuracy, variety, economy, beauty, there can be no question that the many vocabulary revisions in *The Prelude* mark the older Wordsworth in this respect a greater artist than the younger, the same poet grown more proficient in his technique.

¹³ They are: II 376: 357; III 66: 70, 308: 306; VII 31: 26, 136: 142; IX 533: 533.

¹⁴ See Leslie Stephen's remark in the *Dictionary of National Biography*: "In later years, he was an excellent distributor of stamps, but, except in the opinion of one or two very zealous disciples, a very inferior poet"; and Hugh I'Anson Fausset's statement in *The Lost Leader* (p. 446): "There can indeed be few today who do not recognize the vegetative quality of his later life and philosophy," and his reference on the same page to Wordsworth's "decaying sensibility."

THE MOTIVATION OF IAGO

JOHN C. MCCLOSKEY¹

The basic motivation of Iago is hate. Wounded pride, a feeling of personal injustice, and jealous suspicion coalesce into his master-passion of hate for Othello the Moor. As early as the sixth line of the first scene of the first act this motive is predicated as basic data for the action which follows. Roderigo says to Iago: "Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate." Iago answers: "Despise me, if I do not." In the same scene:

Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign.²

Again, in the third scene of the first act, lines 373-77, he remarks to Roderigo:

I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath
no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our re-
venge against him; if thou canst cuckold him,
thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport.

In line 393 of the same scene he reiterates: "I hate the Moor. . . ."

Iago, a Venetian soldier of so good reputation that he is known to everyone as "honest Iago," feels bitterly and deeply that he has been done a gratuitous injustice. His past life has been exemplary; his private actions and public deeds have been above reproach; his superior, the great Moorish general Othello, has trusted him, confided in him, relied on him. Othello has had proof of his soldiership at Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds Christian and heathen. Three great ones of Venice have used their personal influence on Iago's behalf. The lieutenantcy has gone, nevertheless, to Michael Cassio, a Florentine and a mere theoretical soldier who has never set a squadron in the field. The "old gradation" has yielded to pre-

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² Act I, scene 1, ll. 155-58.

ferment "by letter and affection." In Iago's eyes, therefore, Othello is not a just man; he has ignored past service and proved worth. Efficiency and intelligence devoted to good have availed Iago nothing, for he remains the Moor's ancient. His tragic intrigue has its genesis, consequently, in his determination to secure justice for himself; if Othello through an act of injustice has deprived him of his due, then Iago through craft and policy will get it yet. At the beginning of the play Iago is a man seeking justice who, having right on his side but no recourse to law in what is a personal rather than an actionable matter, takes affairs into his own hands and devotes his intelligence and efficiency to obtaining for himself what he interprets as justice.

Not only has Othello deprived Iago of professional advancement, but there is a report abroad that Othello has played him false with Emilia, and since it touches his reputation with the world he will take the report for surety. Intellectual, crafty, subtle, and efficient as he is, Iago cannot, however, control his jealous suspicion. With far less reason than Othello his mind is preyed upon by jealous conceits.

Now, I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin,
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife,
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgement cannot cure.³

Thus the Venetian soldier's suspicious jealousy merges with his conviction of personal injustice into the dominant passion of hate for the Moor. To satisfy his hate he has two ends to accomplish: to get the lieutenantship away from Cassio and to abuse Othello with the same suspicious jealousy which corrodes his own soul. Justice and revenge are what he seeks. To Iago justice has meant getting his due honestly through faithful and competent work; but having

³ Cf. Act II, scene 1, ll. 300-311.

failed in that, as he obviously has even before the opening of the play, it now means getting his due in whatever way he can. Revenge, in connection with his wife Emilia, means to this subtle schemer "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," which in the action of the play translates itself into "a wife for a wife."

In pursuit of his end of justice Iago employs the method of craft and intrigue, and in pursuit of revenge, the method of psychological suggestion. Without difficulty he soon has Cassio's place, and then he goes on to satisfy the second reason for his hate, that is, jealous suspicion of his wife's fidelity, which becomes the more powerful as he cannot control it.⁴ Normally, his intrigue should have stopped with his defeat of Cassio, but his mind, as well as Othello's, is suggestible to suspicious jealousy, and he cannot cease until he is evened with the Moor wife for wife or failing that has put him into a jealous frenzy. Through the medium of psychological suggestion, aided by eavesdropping, false report, and manipulation of the evidence, he so works upon the imagination of the suggestible Othello that the catastrophe is inevitable. For Iago's pathetic victim the tragedy lies in the fact that he allows his emotions to usurp his reason; and judging, therefore, by appearances and hearsay evidence, he confronts neither of the accused parties with their alleged crimes.⁵ Desdemona is thus found guilty without a fair chance to defend herself. Where Othello is culpable is in his emotional conviction that Desdemona has no right to her own defense—that, in justice, he himself is judge, prosecuting attorney, jury, and executioner. His verdict is that of the emotional man who judges as he feels, and when the emotional conviction which proceeds from the train of psychological suggestion generated by Iago translates itself into action, the result is murder.⁶ Thus Iago accomplishes his revenge in the matter of his wife, for even though failing to be evened with Othello wife for wife in the manner he first intended, he has put the Moor into "a jealousy so strong that judgement cannot cure."

⁴ Cf. Act II, scene 1, ll. 300-311.

⁵ If he apparently does with Desdemona (Act V, scene 2, ll. 1-83), he is as incapable of listening as was Hotspur in I, *Henry IV*.

⁶ If sympathy with the Moor is carried too far, it becomes mere romantic sentimentality.

But in making himself the minister of justice and the agent of revenge for the satisfaction of his hate, Iago becomes so deeply involved in intrigue that he cannot extricate himself. By temperament and training he is no better fitted to take civil justice into his own hands than is Othello. For both of them the application of military habits of mind to civil and personal affairs is fraught with danger, in so far as each acts with the self-reliant egotism characteristic of a commander in the field. As a self-appointed minister of justice Othello proceeds according to a concept of justice in personal matters which is that of the soldier in battle, not that of the magistrate in peace; emotional conviction and hasty judgment divorced from reason impel him to judge his wife as he would a traitor in the heat of battle and to punish her, similarly, by death. With Iago, hard intellectuality and practical efficiency divorced from goodness or from concern with public affairs degenerate into rascality.⁷ In pursuit of justice and revenge Iago becomes an Elizabethan Machiavel, who is not bothered by moral values in the ordinary sense; he has two objectives to reach, and whatever the means, his practical efficiency does not quibble. For he is the kind of man who gets things done whether at Rhodes, or Cyprus, or on other grounds Christian or heathen, and the qualities in him which would be virtue on the battlefield become rascality in personal and private affairs.

Possessed of a keen intellect and a cold emotional nature, a practical knowledge of psychological processes and an ability to manipulate men, an opportunistic boldness and an unmoral attitude toward things, he has precisely the qualities best fitted to success in battle. Although to hypersensitive critics his actions may seem sheer devilry and his soliloquies the revelation of the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity, his deeds are, in reality, nothing but the application, by a professional soldier without private ethics, of military tactics to private and personal affairs. The "honest Iago" applies to civil life the technique of the professional soldier—that is, strategy and

⁷ Without pushing the parallel too far, how essential is the difference between Iago and Henry Bolingbroke beyond the fact that Iago's intrigues are personal, those of Bolingbroke public and political, and therefore, presumably, sanctioned by the general good?

craft, armed conflict and death. For the practical, efficient military man in action moral scruples are a hindrance to success; so Iago merely ignores them. The only immediate question for him is how to attain his ends, and his first error is in failing to recognize that in civil life, at least, the end does not justify the means. To maintain, as some writers do, that he delights in evil for its own sake or that he is a symbol of evil rather than a human being is to ignore his plainly stated motivation and to overlook the stages by which his intrigue reaches its tragic culmination. His ends are, indeed, relatively no more diabolical on a private scale than are many of the actions of armies on a public scale and many of the deeds of sovereign states on an international scale. He is a villain, of course, but not merely because he is guilty of evil deeds; more fundamentally he is a villain because he transfers from one sphere of action the deeds proper therein to another sphere in which they are decidedly improper. It is the ethical blindness of Iago which prevents him from seeing that the methods of war, legitimate as they may be on the field of battle, are not equally applicable to the affairs of peace where different ethical standards and moral judgments prevail.

As the plot works itself out, Iago goes further than he originally intended; he kills Roderigo and Emilia, attempts the murder of Cassio, and is accessory to Othello's slaying of Desdemona. At the outset he did not contemplate murder; he did not foresee the consequences of his plot; he met each contingency as it arose and solved his problems as they presented themselves. It is remarkable that his honesty is not suspect until the very end of the play and that it is extraneous forces which trip his heels. The miscarriage of his attempted murder of Cassio, the letters found in Roderigo's coat, and the forthright honesty of Emilia, his own wife, defeat him.⁸ A bungled job, his dupe, and his wife—that is, accident and honesty—bring retribution upon him. The irony of his pursuit of justice and revenge is that he himself suffers in the end, and all his villainies re-

⁸ The time comes in Iago's intrigues when he becomes so deeply involved, as with Roderigo, that he must murder to protect himself. He can set a train of events in motion, but he cannot control the consequences of those events, and so his plot gets out of hand.

coil upon the "honest Iago" himself, so that at last he is far worse off than if he had meekly accepted the original injustice, had ignored his jealous suspicion, and had done nothing about them at all.

His downfall is brought about not so much by the principle that a moral evil corrupts the heart and undermines the judgment as by the fact that as a soldier Iago is a tactician rather than a strategist. As Mr. Parrott points out, Iago fails as a strategist, brilliant though he may be as a tactician, because his plot is pieced together as events proceed instead of having been planned in advance as a unified campaign. He is opportunistic enough to meet exigencies as they arise, but he cannot successfully anticipate events. The accidents of fortune overwhelm him in the end, and treachery from within conquers him. Even as a soldier, then, who applies to private life the actions and ethics of the military sphere, he fails. Herein lies the tragedy for Iago—what is justice for him is injustice for others, and out of this conflict comes his defeat.

But there is, nevertheless, something magnificent about Iago. He has fallen into evil ways, it is true, and is therefore not to be admired, and he is too strong to be pitied, except as one feels sad that so much intelligence, efficiency and competence should be led astray by a sense of personal injustice. Yet he is so consistent in his drawing from start to finish, so plausible in his motivation, and so in character in his actions that he is artistically a great creation. He never relents, and he never repents.

Demand me nothing: what you know, you know.

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Iago is what he is, and no failure or success can change him. His is a magnificently one-track mind, a faithfulness to purpose that were it concerned with good instead of evil would be admirable. It is the sort of devotion to purpose that makes a fine soldier and an efficient statesman. But, unfortunately for Iago, it is not in accord with the ethics of civil and private life.

FAREWELL TO CYNICISM

ELEANOR M. SICKELS¹

Van Wyck Brooks, writing on "Fashions in Defeatism,"² speaks of the despairing cynicism of certain recent American novelists as the "death-drive" of men who, unable profoundly to accept the thesis that there is no freedom of the will, despair because the will seems impotent. He hints that already there is a stirring of revolt against this despair, a sounding of a new note of affirmation. It seems to me that this new note has indeed begun to sound, not least vibrantly in the latest book by one of Mr. Brooks's enumerated defeatists—Ernest Hemingway. Not because *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is the only expression of the new spirit of affirmation but because it is probably, thus far, the greatest, a consideration of its drive of meaning may bring to focus certain observations on this emerging attitude.

Hemingway's earlier novels may well be considered cynical and defeatist, but to level this accusation against *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (to which, incidentally, Mr. Brooks does not specifically refer) would be, it seems to me, the opposite of the truth. It is not defeatism to write a profoundly stirring narrative drama that rises to a climax of terrible exaltation comparable in its effect to high tragedy. Nor is it cynicism to look unflinchingly at reality, blinking at no physical fact however horrible, at no spiritual fact however degrading. Realism, yes; disillusion, yes; but not cynicism. The cynic sneers at humanity, asserts the nonexistence of generosity, kindness, unselfish devotion, because he has seen through the pretensions of hypocrites and has observed the ungenerous, cruel, and self-seeking in power. He sneers at all dreams, all ideals, all hopes for a more secure and kindly future. He believes neither in the value of the individual (even himself) nor in the possibility of decent and stable values in society. He sees evil plainly, but he sees evil only. The

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² *Saturday Review of Literature*, March 22, 1941; see also *On Literature Today* (New York).

true realist like Mr. Hemingway, on the other hand, sees all these evil things, takes them all into account, but sees as clearly the complementary realities of good: that just because there were Loyalist as well as Fascist atrocities in Spain it does not follow that the one cause was as bad as the other; that if Pilar's strength and tenderness were stained with an overdevelopment of sex, by the same token Pablo's murderous treachery was tempered with sagacity and courage; that if the ghastly ordeal through which Maria had passed was real, so was the ecstasy of her love for Robert Jordan. This catholicity of vision, large and unembittered, is not cynicism; it is nearer the classic attitude of Sophocles, to "see life steadily and see it whole."

To this reader at least the meaning of the book is affirmation. It is, to begin with, a reaffirmation of the value of the individual in an age of collectivization. Not that there is any lack of realization in the keenly analytical mind of the hero of the necessity for social coordination and discipline—for lack of which (partly) the war was drifting to disaster—but that always the emphasis is on the individual as a responsible unit, as a human being to be valued both in his relation to the whole and in his essential self. Each is not only an intricate complex of human qualities good and bad but also a special problem of personal adjustment in social and moral attitudes. The girl Maria, left alone to tend the horses while the others are "blowing" the bridge, suffers not only because her lover is in deadly peril but also because her anguish communicates itself to the horses, one nearly breaks away, and she fears she is "no good." The old man, Anselmo, must brace himself continually, not so much against fear as against his hatred of killing, his deep instinct of its sinfulness warring with his realization of its bitter necessity if the Republic is to be saved. And there is no sneer for these scrupulous values on the part of either the hero or the author.

The hero himself, Robert Jordan, is a man both of open-eyed yet steadfast devotion to a generous cause and most scrupulous personal integrity. He sees himself always in a double relationship: to the cause he has espoused and to his own self-respect. He has taken pains with himself, checking, analyzing, correcting. He counts all experience toward the rounding-out and strengthening of his per-

sonality; in those last three days he is learning fast and he knows it and one of the things that trouble him is that what he has learned will be lost, both to him and to the cause, when he dies. His introspective reveries are punctuated with careful self-evaluations—"So far you have behaved all right." "Don't get to referring to the good juice and such things until you are through tomorrow." "So you're scared, eh?" "You're not so good at this, Jordan." "I think it would be all right to do it now? *No, it is'nt*. Because there is something you can do yet." Everything he does and does rightly is done both in relation to himself as a part of the whole and in relation to himself as an individual, to his own personal integrity. Death, he knows, is nothing; but how one meets it is, to one's self, very important; and whether it profits humanity is, to one's self and to humanity, important also.

And in this reaffirmation of the value of the individual personality is involved also reaffirmation of faith in the future of humanity. No amount of disillusion with either communist or anarchist behavior and ideology can undermine Robert Jordan's essential belief in the common people or the cause of human freedom. He is not strong on dialectics, he tells himself, but he believes in "Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness," and in the right of people to govern themselves. If, as seems likely, he tells himself, the attack for which he is to blow up the bridge should fail, there will be other attacks which may not fail. We must work with what material we have, with grenades to explode our dynamite if someone steals our detonators, with a calculating murderer like Pablo if he is the only one who knows the mountain trails we must take. We must follow the line of our duty to the future, no matter what of suffering and even death it brings to us or to our friends. And however many of us fail or fall, there will be others to carry on the fight. So Robert Jordan dies, but he dies fighting and the others go on to Gredos to organize another guerilla band and though the war has been lost in Spain it still goes on and we the readers are a part of it.

For truly, in the profoundly moving words Hemingway quotes from John Donne:

No man is an *Iland*, intire of it selfe; every man is a peece of the *Continent*, a part of the *maine*; if a *Clod* bee washed away by the *Sea*, *Europe* is the lesse,

as well as if a *Promontorie* were, as well as if a *Mannor* of thy friends or of thine owne were; any mans death diminishes me, because I am involved in *Man-kinde*; And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; It tolls for thee.

Thus the reader becomes a part of both the savage evil and the heroic good, of both the defeat and the triumph. And if my interpretation of the drive of meaning at the heart of this story is correct, the result should be a stiffening of faith in the value of each individual human being and a rededication to the struggle for a future in which that value will be expressed and enhanced.

The emergence of this attitude seems to me the most important development in contemporary American thought and writing. It indicates the passing of doctrinaire dependence on any one panacea for the ills that beset us, and the passing also of cynical rejection of the values and traditions of the past; in particular, the moral, political, and social values of individualism. Yet in focusing our eyes again on the individual it does not ask us to forget the society in which the individual must function—it does not ask us to retreat into a past where no collectivist revolution menaced an individualistic economy or to withdraw into some ivory tower of personal salvation or social defeatism while the collectivist revolution in its present perverted form (which is, as has been repeatedly pointed out, really counterrevolution) rolls over the world. On the contrary, it is intensely conscious of human solidarity, not only in the community, in the nation, but “everywhere in the world”: “never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.” It accepts disillusion, deadly peril, and desperate struggle, the inextricable intertwisting of good and evil, the need of abandoning old beliefs and weapons, of seizing and turning to better uses the weapons of the enemy. It seeks not merely to save what it now sees is worth saving from the past but to forge a better future. It seeks not to stem the tide toward more collective action but to see that collective action shall be co-operative instead of compulsive; that it shall liberate, not enslave, the individual; that the growing power of the state shall be that not of master but of servant. It leads us, in short, to a fighting faith in democracy.

In all this, of course, I have gone far beyond the explicit meaning of Mr. Hemingway's book, perhaps even beyond its implicit mean-

ing. But other evidence of the focusing of this point of view is about us. It has been pointed out, for example, that the emphasis in so notable a recent social novel as *The Grapes of Wrath* is not on the class struggle so much as on the tragic and undemocratic waste of human individuals involved. Even more to the point is a significant first novel published this summer, I. J. Kapstein's *Something of a Hero*. This book takes for its motto Santayana's saying, "If a noble and civilized democracy is to subsist, the common citizen must be something of a saint and something of a hero." It is permeated from first to last by a spirit which might almost be defined as a consciously American version of that just analyzed in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*: The American ideal of freedom and democracy has always been incomplete, perverted, deeply stained by individual and collective greed and prejudice and ignorance—but it is a real ideal, worth cherishing, worth fighting for, whether against foreign or domestic foes; in a changing America the individual must learn to find his fulfillment more and more in working with and for others—but that should mean more not less justice and democracy, more not less essential freedom and integrity of the personality, more not less emphasis on the deep intangible values that are engulfed by a materialistic culture. This soberly realistic patriotism is an important ingredient of the attitude noted.

This sort of patriotism is at the heart of the phenomenon in recent playwriting observed by Professor George Kernodle in a recent article in this journal.³ Professor Kernodle discusses the service done to our desperately troubled forties by such playwrights as Maxwell Anderson and Robert Sherwood, and younger writers such as Steinbeck, Wilder, and Saroyan, by their rediscovery of traditional American values and their insistence on the timeless themes of the human personality. This, he says, is not escapism but the salvage of strength-giving, centuries-old verities from the necessary and on the whole salutary wreckage caused by the cynical realism of the twenties and the reforming zeal of the thirties. This incalculably precious heritage is drawn on, also, in the novels just discussed: Robert Jordan in Hemingway's story draws strength from memory of his grandfather, who fought valiantly in the Civil War; John

³ "Playwrights and Ancestors," *College English*, January, 1941.

Cantrell in Kapstein's book, himself a Civil War veteran, is almost an embodiment of American tradition struggling through the assaulting years, with something of the meticulous moral integrity of Hemingway's hero, to hold to the best of the past while adjusting to the future. Awareness of the future: that is the test by which we may know whether these plays or these novels are escapist; for to draw strength from the past is mere escapism unless, as with Jordan and Cantrell, that strength is applied to the making of the future, and to save precious things from wreckage is useless unless a new and better edifice is built to house them.

Such dedication to the future is quite explicit in one of the plays Professor Kernodle mentions, Robert Sherwood's *There Shall Be No Night*, and only less so in Maxwell Anderson's *Key Largo* (which treats, incidentally, of the hero's remorse because he has not sacrificed himself, like Robert Jordan and his own comrades, in the Spanish War). For affirmation of moral values and of the dignity of the individual on behalf of both present and future, one may surely add the best of the more recent anti-Nazi plays, Elmer Rice's *Flight to the West* and above all Lillian Hellman's fine *Watch on the Rhine*. Saroyan, whom Professor Kernodle mentions, continues to assert the value of the individual in his own striking, if oversentimental, way. We may hope that soon other plays, more robust than Mr. Saroyan's, less topical than Mr. Sherwood's and Miss Hellman's, will answer the challenge recently uttered by Mr. Sherwood himself: to affirm the greatness of man, in this "most tremendous moment in the history of the world," this "supremely dramatic age," when the American dramatist "can know that he has immeasurably more to write about than Sophocles had, or Shakespeare," and when he "does not have to look into legend to find assurance of the essential heroism and nobility of man" but "has only to look into this morning's newspaper."⁴

The realistic idealism—if the phrase is allowed—of which we have been speaking is not altogether absent from poetry either. Doubtless the fact that people have begun to talk about another "revival"

⁴ "The Vanishing American Playwright," *Saturday Review of Literature*, February 1, 1941, and "The Dwelling Place of Wonder," *Theatre Arts Monthly*, February, 1941; the second phrase quoted is from the former article, the others from the latter.

of poetry points to the upsurge of individualism, since poetry above all types of literature is the speech of one soul to another. Some of the poets, like Auden, in their search for a way out of the unhappiness of our time, turn toward that same priceless heritage of individual values. Others, searching for an answer to the enormous problem of the individual in an increasingly socialized society, rediscover the old American faith in the individual common man: "the people, yes." Archibald MacLeish's much discussed *America Was Promises* is the best-known example of this rediscovery since Sandburg's volume (with Sandburg the people did not have to be rediscovered). Less well known but worth knowing is a strangely compelling "plain song," called by its oft-repeated theme:

for in me,
Now I swear it, Lincoln shall never
be forgotten.⁵

Sherwood's *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* was in the forefront of this movement, if we may call it by so definite a name. It is significant that the Lincoln motif has become once more important in American literature.

Finally, as is natural in days as urgent as ours, the challenge of the times is being met most promptly and explicitly of all on the borders of art—in nonfictional prose. Here we find ample evidence of effort toward that synthesis of past and present in the service of the future, that forging of a truer realism out of knowledge of both evil and good, that vision of ancient individual values in the matrix of expanding social values of which I have been speaking. One has only to pick up the latest number of the *New Republic* or the *Nation* or some other liberal periodical. One has only to seek out the latest symposium or declaration of principle on the meaning of freedom or the future of democracy. Or one may examine the book-length essays of which so many are now pouring off the presses: analyses of the roots of our present plight, examination of what has been done and what remains to do, plans of action—significantly both action toward "taking" the promises that were America and action toward meeting the external forces that would prevent that taking.

⁵ Montgomery Hare (priv. pub.; St. James, N.Y., 1940).

It is not necessary to include the stirring words of Englishmen whose problem is ours at an even more advanced and desperate stage, though men like Harold Laski, with his "revolution by consent," and John Strachey, with his retreat from doctrinaire Marxism to an emphasis on more purely human values, speak to us almost as though they were fully our countrymen. Much good writing is being done on this side of the water, from Samuel Grafton's *All Out!* with its brilliant analysis of recent history in France and in Britain and its spirited call to action in America, to Ralph Barton Perry's lucid analysis of the philosophical bases of democracy in . . . *Shall Not Perish from the Earth*.

This writing, of course, is all frankly persuasion, or, as we now like to call it, propaganda. But being written by highly literate men in a mood of burning sincerity, it often has eloquence, even beauty of style. After all, the greatest stylists of the nineteenth century—Emerson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold—were not novelists or dramatists but writers of critical and persuasive prose. It is quite possible that out of this literature of urgent rededication something notable and lasting may arise.

That in the more purely creative fields a similar spirit is beginning to manifest itself I have tried to show. If our novelists and playwrights and poets can embody for us in flesh-and-blood characters or express for us in memorable imagery this fighting faith in humanity, they will have made a great contribution toward equipping us as a people for the future and toward giving us as individuals a faith to go by in the difficult present. And if the conviction is deep enough and there burns the indispensable fire, it ought to be a good recipe for art.

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY AND THE TEACH- ING OF LITERATURE

R. A. JELLIFFE¹

When Matthew Arnold said that poetry was properly a criticism of life, he was merely rephrasing what had passed for a truism for centuries. He found himself, as Professor Garrod has reminded us, in the sweep of a great tradition—one to which, by temperament and by training, he willingly intrusted his own belief. In thus stating his creed, therefore, he was not conscious of making any revolutionary pronouncement. Only to modern ears does this doctrine sound strange. It clashes, for example, with such a declaration as this: "I have been in quest of a sort of absolute poetry in which the intention is not so much to arouse an emotion, or to persuade of a reality, as to employ such emotion or sense of reality (tangentially struck) with the same cool detachment with which a composer strikes notes or chords." For my own part, I do not presume to say with what Fahrenheit degree of detachment Rachmaninoff attacks the "Prelude in C Sharp Minor" but I do venture to assert that Matthew Arnold would have found such "absolute" poetry entirely lacking in the qualities he sought and approved.

Nor would he have fared much better if he had been restricted to the regimen prescribed in such a program as this: "Perhaps the time has come for somebody to ask if there is not more poetry in things than in ideas, and more pleasure in Gautier's *Tulipe* than in Wordsworth's ecclesiastical, political, and admonitory sonnets. My father used to admire the sonnet on Westminster Bridge, and I admired it until I could no longer escape from the suspicion that it was not the beautiful image of a city overhanging a river at dawn that detained the poet but the hope that he might once more discern a soul in nature. Having, I said to myself, discerned a soul in a primrose by a river's brim, it would seem to him parsimonious to limit the habitation of the soul to a woodland flower, and he would soon begin to seek it in bricks and mortar. But what would he do with the soul when he got it? And after reading the sonnet again and considering

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the general tone of it, I discovered a carefully concealed morality in it. He would Christianize the soul in nature if he got it, I said; wherefore the poem comes under the heading of proselytism in poetry."

So there we have it, expressed in modern terms: the image for its own sake; "things" rather than ideas; aesthetic pleasure as the end to be sought; morality regarded as a kind of stowaway; and—ultimate anathema—the attempt to convert the reader to the Christian faith.

No, Matthew Arnold would not have felt any more at home in the rarefied atmosphere of "pure" poetry than in that of "absolute" poetry. He was extremely old fashioned. His faith—and here once again I draw on Professor Garrod's words—his faith was strong in the power of poetry to humanize, to moralize, to mold character, to inspire noble action. Horace, in his early day, testified to his own belief in the profitable discipline of poetry when he said: "The poet fashions the child's unformed and lisping speech, and early wrests his ear from all gross discourse. Anon, with rules of life which commend themselves of their own sweetness, he moulds his heart. . . . He recounts to him deeds nobly done, and with great examples arrays his dawn of youth." The substance of poetry and the expression as well, that is to say, contribute to the moral and cultural upbringing of youth. And so we hear Matthew Arnold's familiar phrases once again, echoing these precepts: "a criticism of life," "the grand style." They are age-old, these ideas, familiar, traditional. They are the ideas of those who set the greatest store by the humanizing of man.

The humanizing of man, I take it, is of immediate concern in America. For though we may not be quite so presumptuous as to assert that only in a democratic society will beauty, goodness, and truth be found to flourish, yet we may conscientiously affirm our faith in the correlation that exists between the democratic tradition and the importance of man as an individual. And our democratic state, to quote from the *Statement* formulated a year ago by the Committee of Twenty-four of the National Council of Teachers of English, "depends for its existence upon the life within it of the largest possible number of richly endowed and self-reliant individuals, sensitive to the individual lives of their fellow men and to their own

personal potentialities." If, then, we find ourselves as teachers in reasonable agreement as to the fundamental purpose that should activate our teaching of literature, if (to quote again from this same *Statement*) "the task of the teacher then becomes not the sterile accumulation of bibliographical and biographical facts . . . but the interpretation of literary classics," then surely in these dark days, when the wine of democratic life is oozing drop by drop, the time has more than ever come for us, as formerly it did for Matthew Arnold, to interpret as best we can the values of poetry and of literature in general.

The problem we face is not merely what values we should undertake to present and emphasize, but how to make these values acceptable to our students. There's the rub. And while we seriously ponder the matter, we hear again the words of Horace which I was quoting a moment ago: "Anon," he says, "with rules of life which commend themselves of their own sweetness, he moulds his heart." *Which commend themselves of their own sweetness*. Are there any such, any longer? May we count on the youths and maidens in college to respond to what is lofty and noble and of good report? Is there still something so potent in literature that is resplendent with heroism or radiant with truth revealed that even our most emancipated undergraduates must needs acknowledge its virtue and must lift their hearts to its elevating summons?

I am sure there is. All of us know full well there is. The protective coloration of indifferentism on the part of our students merely stands guard against the specious, the sentimental, the crudely hortatory. It does not bar out the real thing. As teachers we fail, and deserve to fail, if we adopt an admonishing, didactic, punishing attitude; but if we give great literature a chance, if only we do not stand in its way, it is bound to reach its mark.

Ancient or modern, great or even near-great, it makes no difference. Let me take a modern instance. The book is *Wind, Sand and Stars*, translated by Lewis Galantière from the French of Antoine de Saint Exupéry, and the passage I quote speaks for itself:

I remember, for my part, another of those hours in which a pilot finds suddenly that he has slipped beyond the confines of this world. All that night the

radio messages sent from the ports in the Sahara concerning our position had been inaccurate, and my radio operator, Néri, and I had been drawn out of our course. Suddenly, seeing the gleam of water at the bottom of a crevasse of fog, I tacked sharply in the direction of the coast; but it was by then impossible for us to say how long we had been flying towards the high seas. Nor were we certain of making the coast, for our fuel was probably low. And even so, once we had reached it, we would still have to make port—after the moon had set.

We had no means of angular orientation, were already deafened, and were bit by bit growing blind. The moon like a pallid ember began to go out in the banks of fog. Overhead the sky was filling with clouds, and we flew thenceforth between cloud and fog in a world voided of all substance and all light. The ports that signaled us had given up trying to tell us where we were. "No bearings, no bearings," was all their message, for our voice reached them from everywhere and nowhere. With sinking hearts Néri and I leaned out, he on his side and I on mine, to see if anything, anything at all, was distinguishable in this void. Already our tired eyes were seeing things—errant signs, delusive flashes, phantoms.

And suddenly, when already we were in despair, low on the horizon a brilliant point was unveiled on our port bow. A wave of joy went through me. Néri leaned forward, and I could hear him singing. It could not but be the beacon of an airport, for after dark the whole Sahara goes black and forms a great dead expanse. That light twinkled for a space—and then went out! We had been steering for a star which was visible for a few minutes only, just before setting on the horizon between the layer of fog and the clouds.

Then other stars took up the game, and with a sort of dogged hope we set our course for each of them in turn. Each time that a light lingered a while, we performed the same crucial experiment. Néri would send his message to the airport at Cisneros: "Beacon in view. Put out your light and flash three times." And Cisneros would put out its beacon and flash three times while the hard light at which we gazed would not, incorruptible star, so much as wink. And despite our dwindling fuel we continued to nibble at the golden bait which each time seemed more surely the true light of a beacon, was each time a promise of a landing and of life—and we had each time to change our star.

And with that we knew ourselves to be lost in interplanetary space among a thousand inaccessible planets, we who sought only the one veritable planet, our own, that planet on which alone we should find our familiar countryside, the houses of our friends, our treasures.

On which alone we should find. . . . Let me draw the picture that took shape before my eyes. It will seem to you childish; but even in the midst of danger a man retains his human concerns. I was thirsty and I was hungry. If we did find Cisneros we should re-fuel and carry on to Casablanca, and there we should come down in the cool of daybreak, free to idle the hours away. Néri and I would go into town. We would go to a little pub already open despite the early hour. Safe and sound, Néri and I would sit down at table and laugh at the night

of danger as we ate our warm rolls and drank our bowls of coffee and hot milk. We would receive this matutinal gift at the hands of life. Even as an old peasant woman recognizes her God in a painted image, in a childish medal, in a chaplet, so life would speak to us in its humblest language in order that we understand. The joy of living, I say, was summed up for me in the remembered sensation of that first burning and aromatic swallow, that mixture of milk and coffee and bread by which men hold communion with tranquil pastures, exotic plantations, and golden harvests, communion with the earth. Amidst all these stars there was but one that could make itself significant for us by composing this aromatic bowl that was its daily gift at dawn. And from that earth of men, that earth docile to the reaping of grain and the harvesting of the grape, bearing its rivers asleep in their fields, its villages clinging to their hillsides, our ship was separated by astronomical distances. All the treasures of the world were summed up in a grain of dust now blown far out of our path by the very destiny itself of dust and of the orbs of night.

And Néri still prayed to the stars.

We must all of us be aware of what a passage of prose like that, so moving in sentiment, so incandescent in expression, may well do for the students who read it. It is an allegory, if we choose so to consider it, of man's life here on earth. It is a sermon, if we please, on the text: "What a piece of work is a man." It is, in any event, a complete refutation of the philosophy that bids puny man to make a cringing peace with a world utterly regardless of his crying needs. It exalts courage, steadfastness, faith. It bids us, as we read, suffer with man in his moments of peril, and it compels us to rejoice with him in the elemental restoratives of food, drink, comradeship, devotion.

Allegory, sermon, philosophy, human brotherhood—all these elements are to be discovered in this passage of modern prose. What are we, as teachers, to make of it? Shall we lecture instructively on allegory as a form of literature? Shall we sermonize on man's plight and place in this vale of tears? Shall we moralize on abstract human virtue? Surely not. Nor shall we, if we are wise, go to the other extreme and rhapsodize about the loftiness of mood or the glowing cadences of the style. The passage itself being so admirably free from false heroics, it would be a pity for us to besmirch it with too much palaver. No, we must do none of these things; but we may do our best, each in his own fashion, to grant such work the opportunity to present its rules of life that commend themselves of their own sweetness. Only so will they mold the student's heart.

I would not here be misunderstood. I do not at all mean that our mission is fulfilled merely by assigning a piece of literature to be read by the members of the class and then for us to remain silent. What I do mean is that we must either "take off" on a solo flight of mystical ecstasy, beating our luminous wings in the void in vain, or content ourselves with an analysis of the technique of the passage assigned. We may well do much better than either of these things. We may communicate to our students, if we have the will to do so, something of the spirit that throbs in the lines they read, the spirit that quickeneth. This much we can do by relegating to its proper subordinate position the necessary information about form and allusion and historical background.

What values shall we undertake to emphasize in the literature we teach? My answer is essentially simple. In a society like our own, dedicated to the principle that man is free to seek the truth wherever it may lead, no restrictions should be placed in the literature we teach or the values that literature contains, save one: it must be, first of all, the precious life-blood of a master-spirit. Whatever passions have deeply stirred the human breast, whether they be liquor, love, or fights—if only they be profound enough in themselves and excellent enough in their manner of revelation—those passions are properly our province. We should not rule out those values of life to which, as a democratic people, we ourselves do not subscribe. On the contrary, we should conscientiously try to understand the urgency of those appeals to human nature, however obnoxious to our way of thinking and of feeling they may be. We should not, because we devoutly believe in peace, place the *Iliad* on the Index. Nor should we, because of our democratic faith, exclude from our study of literature some masterpiece instinct with the spirit of feudalism.

I am the more disposed to take this ground because I am in agreement with Professor Tinker's dictum that the cause of literature is not properly propaganda. As he has said, in his words on the work of the poet Housman, we do not read a poem by that author, one that represents its central character as more than half in love with easeful death, and forthwith set a pistol to our own head. Our use of

the poem is properly confined to the imagination, not to the practical problem of immediate conduct. The cause of poetry, as Professor Tinker declares, is the enrichment of the spirit by means of vicarious experience, so enabling us to understand ways of life never to be actually ours.

We should indeed be hard put to it if this were not so. If we were to act impulsively on the recommendation of Housman when he says:

And if your hand or foot offend you,
Cut it off, lad, and be whole;
But play the man, stand up and end you,
When the sickness is your soul.

If we were to do that, literally, we should find ourselves in no position, alas, to accept with equal literal-mindedness the counsel he offers in another one of his poems, in which he says:

The troubles of our proud and angry dust
Are from eternity, and shall not fail.
Bear them we can, and if we can we must.
Shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink your ale.

What is true of the divided counsel of a Housman is all the more strikingly true when we turn from the reading of life of one major poet to that of another. We cannot hope to reconcile views so fundamentally divergent as the seductive philosophy of the *Rubaiyat*, on the one hand, and on the other the bracing and tonic challenge of *Rabbi ben Ezra*. Some one view of life, some reading or other of life's inexplicable mystery, is bound to strike home to us more than another. But the better to consolidate our own position, whatever that may be, we should enter as imaginatively as we can into whatever vision of truth is offered us by the great writers.

This imaginative sympathy on our part need not, however, demand of us an indiscriminate acceptance of one and all of them. Far from it. As Americans, we welcome to our shores those whose hearts burn with an eagerness for freedom like our own. As members of a democratic society, we endeavor to make our conceptions of truth and justice prevail. As individual human beings, we esteem certain values of life more highly than we do others. As teachers of youth, as human beings, as members of a democracy, as Americans,

we owe it to ourselves and to those in our charge not to shirk the difficulty and the danger of appraising and evaluating the passions, the idealisms, the values of the literature we study together. That, it seems to me, is our obligation as teachers: to try to understand the spirit that animates a great work of literature, the view of life it contains, the revelation it gives of man's ruling passions; and then to cultivate in ourselves and to communicate to our students the power to approve those rules of life that may, indeed, commend themselves of their own sweetness, but that will surely suffer no impairment if we add our own word of sincere approbation.

All this means a special kind of teaching. It means that we must not think of ourselves as mere purveyors of information. It means that we shall not be content to subject the precious life-blood of a master-spirit to an analysis of its blood count. We must make ourselves responsive, rather, to whatever throb of life it contains. It may be thought presumptuous of us to take upon ourselves critical decisions of this order—so much more profound in their implications than the appraising of "literary" values alone. But if we do not undertake the task, who will?

Great literature molds the heart of youth. It always has. It must, still. If the teachers of youth rightly acknowledge their true mission and their high privilege, they will not shrink from a sincere consideration of "values," nor will they subordinate the spirit of the literature they teach to the letter. They will devote themselves to the interpretation of great works of literary art and also to the critical appraisal of the human values therein contained. So will they do their bit, in these days when the democratic ideal is more than ever something to die for, if need be; something to live for, if only we may.

THE ENGLISH MAJOR¹

WILLIAM CLYDE DE VANE²

Your chairman has asked me to present a paper upon the English major and has dangerously failed to set any restrictions upon my remarks. Such liberty imposes its own responsibility, however, and I am checked by the further caution that I am addressing professionals in this field who have fashioned and administered English majors, not without dust and heat. What I shall have to say suffers from the danger of being trite on one side and the danger of being shocking to some of you on the other. In what follows I mean to comment briefly upon the history of the English major in our American colleges, criticize briefly the major as it has existed, state boldly and perhaps not too wisely in what the major should consist as I see it, and conclude with a few words of caution concerning the application of the major.

The English major rose into its prominent position in the curriculum of our colleges very soon after, and partly as a result of, the introduction of the elective system and the subsequent enormous increase in the populations of our colleges. The student populations would probably have increased even if there had been no free elective system, but the two movements are closely related. But these movements do not fully account for the rise of the English major. The new major rose because it provided water to thirsty souls—water that was both accessible and sweet. Because of the barriers of language and the failures of the professorial imagination, the deep humanistic truths which the students were seeking were effectively buried in the classics and were available to only the few. Philosophy might have provided these truths, but the professors in that field were generally lost in metaphysics. Religion might have provided the guidance in life which the students sought, but the preachers

¹ Read at the Twenty-eighth Annual Meeting of the College Conference on English in the Central Atlantic States, November 23, 1940.

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were still fighting over battles long lost, and the professors in that field were bewildered at the chaos of a world in which authority had broken up almost completely. In this juncture English literature rose as a study which could provide in some measure the moral, ethical, philosophical, and even religious qualities of the older categories of study and could furnish them from a literature richer and broader, if not so well ordered, than the classics. And great teachers rose with the subject to teach it.

For many years, then, the English courses in the curriculum provided the soul and substance of a liberal arts program, and in the East, at least, the best students of our colleges normally elected an English major in great numbers—the best students as well as some of the worst. I judge that the English major was the most important major in our colleges, as well as often the most populous, until about 1930. Since that date we have had to give ground—partly to the economists who fancied they had the answer to the ills of the world, partly to the historians who could assert with some cause the greater significance of their field, partly to the social scientists who are constantly expecting to hatch chickens from the doorknobs they sit upon and who keep up a steady premonitory cackle. But the teachers of English are not free from blame for their losses, I think. The older great teachers of English were constantly searching literature for its comment upon life and taught life as it was, is, and might be. We, their smaller successors in this ebb of time, are too concerned to “cover our subject,” as if our subject were more important than truth and wisdom, and were something that could be covered. For all our losses, we still hold a substantial place in the curriculum, even a central place, and in many places the English courses serve as a kind of moral cement to bind the curriculum together. One is tempted to say that our subject is too good for even our professors to kill—but one will not say it, remembering the great teachers who are still among us.

And yet, if we say that the older men in our profession were long on teaching we must say as well that they were generally short on organization and educational statesmanship. Under their too easy and too individualistic sway a great welter of personal, uneven, and eccentric courses grew up and flourished until the tropical luxuriance

has almost smothered us and has certainly made the treasure more difficult to find. Because no professor can ever think that his courses are not central, the English major in most colleges has come to consist of a conglomerate of seven or eight courses in English, some in composition, some in criticism, but most in literature. These have seldom been related to one another; they are seldom directed toward any specific end; and of late years they have come more and more to be almost entirely courses that reach no further back than 1870. Naturally, the bright new thing has all the advantages. Attach the word "modern" to a course and you can fill all the benches, even if the course deals with things dead a thousand years. Contemporary literature is by its definition contemporary to something and, therefore, limited in its prospects for eternity. It is barely likely to be of great value twenty-five years from now. A certain amount of contemporary literature is useful: it shows for one thing that we deal with a subject that is still active and alive. But to have nothing but contemporary literature is to make a meal off mayonnaise. In recent years some feeble attempts have been made to re-establish the older writers in the major, and our best professors have insisted on giving courses in Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton. But little attempt has been made by departments as a whole to indicate to the students that there are very great differences; that Milton, for example, is worth one hundred T. S. Eliots, five hundred Edna Millays, and one thousand Vachel Lindsays. And then, finally, our English major has usually not been topped off by anything to indicate that it is a whole discipline; the degree is awarded for so many disparate fragments. Too often, we may say, the English major has been a field where there has been no time, neither has there been any geography or topography. For the sake of emphasis I have undoubtedly distorted the picture, but not, I think, beyond recognition.

In what, then, should the major consist, and how should it be ordered? It must be understood that the program I propose below is my personal view and is not in force in all its parts in any institution that I know. Please believe that though I state my program flatly, it is in no arrogant spirit, and I am ready to bend to good reason at any point.

The program I propose requires seven courses in English during

the four undergraduate years. Two of these courses are prerequisites to the major to be taken during freshman and sophomore years, and five courses constitute the major proper. I do not suggest that the courses I name are all that may be given by the department of English, but I do think them the most important courses. I should hardly allow the majoring student to unbalance his educational program by taking other courses in English, though occasional exceptions might be made; and I would strongly urge that the English student supplement his major by studies in the classics, in Continental literatures, in history, philosophy, art, and music. But here is the major program itself:

First.—A freshman course that should guarantee some literacy, but should make a start toward the comprehension of the great literary forms, poetry, drama, prose fiction, and the essay—not for the sake of the forms, but for the sake of the matter. Along with steady practice in writing upon the books read, the student should be put through a few pieces of literature of great worth—e.g., some of the plays of Shakespeare, the essays of Bacon, some of the poetry of Byron or Browning, a novel by Fielding or Thackeray, and a small book of modern poetry or prose. This course should be broad enough for general use in the college, but useful in its methods and materials for the major as well.

Second.—A sophomore course that is not a survey, but a sampling, consisting of a fairly thorough study of five or six great English authors, mainly the poets, since they are so much more important in every sense than the writers of prose. The authors I suggest are these:

Chaucer— <i>Prologue</i> , and five or	Pope—Poems
six of the <i>Tales</i>	Wordsworth—Poems (or Byron
Spenser—First Book of the <i>Fae-</i>	—Poems)
<i>rie Queene</i>	
Milton— <i>Paradise Lost</i>	

If this is too austere, I suggest that a little prose be interspersed: some of Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* between Chaucer and Spenser; Swift's *Gulliver* between Milton and Pope; a short novel by Fielding (*Joseph Andrews*, for example) between Pope and Wordsworth or Byron. It

will be noticed that though this course is no survey, it will introduce the student to the great tradition of English literature and at the same time prepare him for the great periods of English literary history.

Third.—The major proper as outlined below attempts to give the student a degree of breadth in his field without sacrificing quality to quantity, for quality is the chief thing. In his last two years of college, then, I would ask the English major to take approximately five courses in English, though he may take as few as four if he feels competent to do so. Three of these courses should be lecture courses and two of them discussion courses (if the student is of the kind to profit from discussion in small groups). The student should be expected to prepare himself by taking one course in each of the following groups: (1) the English language, Chaucer and his times; (2) Shakespeare and his contemporaries, Milton and the seventeenth century; (3) literature of the eighteenth century, literature of the nineteenth century, American literature. Beyond these lecture courses the student should receive close instruction, practice in analysis and criticism and in writing in small groups or discussion courses, one taken in junior year and a second in senior year. This kind of work is not profitable for all students but ought to be offered for those who wish it. Those not wishing it should fill in with lecture courses. The discussion or group courses (of not more than ten students each) should be set up in the following fields, I think: (1) poetry—a close study of samples, ancient and modern; (2) drama—the forms and samples, drawn from Greek, French, and English literature; (3) fiction—the forms and achievements, with samples drawn from the Continent, England and America; (4) essay—the forms, from Plato's dialogues down to the present; (5) criticism—theories of poetry, imagination, etc., from the Greeks to the present.

Fourth.—As an essential part of the English major I should require every student to write a departmental essay—a paper of approximately ten thousand words. This paper may rise from something that has interested him in his lecture courses, but more probably it would rise from one of the discussion courses he has taken. Much help will be needed by the student in preparation of this paper, and time should be allowed to the hard-pressed instructor for this

very vital service. The essay ought to be finished no later than Easter in the student's senior year.

Fifth.—The major in English should be capped by a departmental examination in June of the senior year. This examination should not attempt (in my opinion) to be comprehensive, yet it should not be a mere collection of course examinations. The examination should cover all the fields of study in the English curriculum, and the student required to write upon topics in the three major groups of his lecture courses and in the two discussion courses he may have taken. A fairly wide choice of topic and question should be allowed the student—especially in the group which comprises the eighteenth century, the nineteenth century, and American literature. Beyond this the student may be asked to designate a great author or a period in which he thinks himself well prepared; he may be expected to do well at that point. He may also be expected to make some effort toward considering the ties and associations between various parts of English literature. The emphasis throughout, however, should be placed on quality rather than quantity.

With this, I finish this faint ghost of Milton's *Tractate on Education*, and award, all other requirements having been fulfilled, the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The program I have outlined above will, I believe, give a substantial and sound education to all who take the English major. It will prepare the student for life in general, for law, business, teaching in secondary schools, or for work in the graduate school. In my opinion, English is still the best major in general education. Perhaps it ought to be said, however, that the student contemplating a career in English through the graduate school and into the teaching of English in college and university would be wise to take a major in the classics, philosophy, or history, and fewer courses in English than the major requires. By this means he will bring a fund of information and a freshness to his later studies.

THE INTRODUCTORY COURSE IN LITERATURE

J. MILTON FRENCH¹

When Lincoln Steffens went to school in San Francisco, it was Evelyn Nixon who first set his soul on fire. "He was the first teacher I ever had," says Steffens in his *Autobiography*, "who interested me in what I had to learn. . . . When he read or recited Greek verse, the Greeks came to life; romance and language sang songs to me. . . . Life filled with meaning, and purpose, and joy." Steffens does not say exactly how the miracle was accomplished. The pupil was fertile ground, only lying fallow for the nonce; and the teacher was a fanatic. He stimulated Steffens, angered him, inspired him. "I will answer no questions of yours," he would shout at the boy. "That is what youth is for: to answer the questions maturity can't answer. . . . The world is yours. Nothing is done, nothing is known. The greatest poem isn't written, the best railroad isn't built yet, the perfect state hasn't been thought of. Everything remains to be done." And Steffens would stumble home in a fever of ambition, a delirium of resolve that he would read and do everything. It is wholesome, if unpalatable, for us to remember that as a sequel to that splendid beginning, Steffens found most of his professors at the university dull and useless. Too many of us, I fear, justify Mary Ellen Chase's mischievous quotations from Milton, when she says that some teachers, like Samson Agonistes, are distinguished by "calm of mind, all passion spent," and that they often shed in their classrooms "no light, but darkness visible."

The question which we are now to ask ourselves is: How, in an introductory course in literature, can we do for our students what Nixon did for Steffens? For that, I take it, is our goal. Surely we are not, as Henry Adams coldly defined schoolmasters, merely persons employed to tell lies to little boys. If our classes are mere police lineups, tests, third degrees, then we are of all men most

¹ Professor of English at Rutgers University. This paper was read at a meeting of the College Conference on English in the Central Atlantic States, at Atlantic City, on November 23, 1940.

miserable. As Oscar Wilde once said with some justice, "There is no sin but stupidity." Speaking of the survey course at Harvard forty years ago, Walter Pritchard Eaton writes lovingly of the enthusiasm which his teachers imparted to him, so that he and others ardently bought and absorbed the *Golden Treasury* and trotted feverishly to the library to devour more of what had been presented in the classroom. We, too, should like our students to have enjoyed and absorbed some literature until it becomes part of their genuine experience, that it may be theirs to draw on for reminiscence, for refreshment, for excitement. It may be Whitman, or Lamb, or Pope, or Chaucer, or any of a host of others who touches off the divine spark. We care not who it may be, so long as the miracle occurs. If when they are discouraged and things go wrong, they can remember that to Hamlet, too, the world was stale, flat, and unprofitable, and can feel the thrill of kinship with that great spirit in consequence; if a walk through the woods on a fine spring morning brings back to them Robert Frost's quiet conclusion that one could do worse than be a swinger of birches; if on seeing a great picture they can fall back on Keats's reflection that beauty is truth, truth beauty—then we have been teachers to them and not mere dispensers of questions and takers of the census. When Keats read Homer, he felt like some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken. Be it Homer or Shakespeare, Dryden or Shelley, we must work steadily toward this one end, that the students shall receive from our course glimpses of a world not known to the subway advertisements and the boardwalks, glimpses that shall make them less forlorn.

This goal, to be sure, is far easier to recognize than to attain. To offer road maps for this pilgrim's progress is an entirely different matter from simply putting one's finger on the goal and saying, "Here it is." I regret that I know of no six-lane dual superhighway leading in that direction; but even if I did, I am far from sure that such a road is the most delightful way to go. All I can possibly hope to do today is to note a turn here, a stop sign there. Too large a part of all discussion of such subjects justifies the old and vitriolic definition of a scholar: "a siren which calls attention to a fog without doing anything to dispel it." Fortunately for us all, however, I can

bring a few pointers from other travelers who are headed in the same direction.

For instead of talking today out of a complete vacuum, I have preferred to present definite facts. Nothing is more helpful in guiding us in the organization of our teaching than the experience of our colleagues. I therefore ventured, even during the worst of the summer heat, when any question, however mild, is like the sting of a horsefly, to send out a questionnaire to some fifty or sixty colleges, most of them within the area covered by this organization. To my surprise, most of these bothersome questions were most courteously filled out and returned to me, so that we have available today a digest of the practice of many institutions on a considerable number of points.

Though some questions were badly worded and others poorly chosen, here is the list as sent out:

1. Do you have a "first course" in English literature?
2. Is it a survey? a "types" course? a "great writers" course?
3. Do you use an anthology?
4. If not, what arrangement do you make for texts?
5. Is your course for freshmen, sophomores, or upper classes?
6. What written work do you require?
7. What are the chief benefits or advantages of this course?
8. What are the chief difficulties or disadvantages?
9. Are the students in this course chiefly English majors?
10. Do you consider the purpose primarily information or stimulation?
11. What supplementary attractions do you offer, if any (e.g., occasional evening readings, special reading-rooms, etc.)?
12. Do you feel hurried to cover ground? More so than in other courses?
13. Is the course chiefly a recruiting ground for English majors?
14. Are the teachers in it young instructors or older professors?
15. What do you consider the most valuable assets for these teachers?
16. Do you consider a doctoral degree helpful, harmful, or irrelevant?

To those of you who were so courteous and long-suffering as to reply, I tender my sincere gratitude; and I assure the rest of the audience that such crumbs of nourishment as may fall from this table came chiefly from these sources.

To make the results of this questionnaire somewhat more intelligible and more easily available, I have prepared a brief digest

of answers, which have been circulated among you.² For a few moments may I merely comment on the replies.

The nature of the course, as may be seen, varies widely enough to provide comfort for us all, whatever our preferences. Though the survey method has the largest number of adherents, the methods of types and of great writers have numerous followers. There is patently no disgrace connected with the selection of any of these three approaches. Nor is there shame connected with either the use of an anthology or the selection of individual texts; for though the former method strongly preponderates, the latter, in one form or another, commands nearly a third of the group. It is rather *what* reaches the student than *how* that matters.

By this time some of you have probably been puzzled by the arithmetic of this digest. You may have noticed that the totals vary from one question to another. The explanation is not ballot-box stuffing but rather variation in answers. Some participants answered all questions; others only part. Some were divided in practice, as, for example, in giving a course which combined the methods of survey and types; and in such instances answers have frequently been entered in both places. The number of advantages and of difficulties will be found to differ from the number of voters, because many people thought of several, and all were included as if separate answers. But I take it that such facts serve as suggestions rather than as scores.

There seems to be almost unlimited discrepancy in the amount and nature of written work given in the course. It ranges all the way from absolutely none at all to a theme every day. The most common practice is that of giving several papers, perhaps two or three, each term.

Incidental attractions are widely varied, all the way from library exhibits to additional readings. Two comments here seem to be in order. First, probably the additional readings, conferences with instructors, and writing groups, which sound merely like extra chores or punishment, are actually a means of guiding and increasing the enthusiasm of students who enjoy books. Possibly, though this fact was not mentioned, they are thought of as an alternative to

² See appendix, p. 63.

certain other work of the course, a means of making the material fit the student somewhat more closely. Second, it is almost certain that many other inducements to students interested in literature are made available than are mentioned in these lists. Undoubtedly many browsing libraries, exhibits, and lectures are arranged for students in English but are not thought of as being especially devoted to this one course.

The relation between this course and the student who is majoring in English has remained somewhat foggy in my mind. It is overwhelmingly evident that in most colleges it is designed for the general student rather than for the major, just like the introductory course in economics and in history. What I had in mind but stated badly was the question whether it was felt to offer to the student a first acquaintance with literature or a last; whether the course was soup or nuts. Probably my wording alarmed the recipients, who thought it raised questions of unfair labor practices or monopolies; but I confess to being staggered by the violence with which my inquiry about the possibility of its being a recruiting ground for majors was crushed. One replied, "No!" followed by a fervent exclamation mark; and another answered, "Heaven forbid!" One is compelled to pause for thought. However, I still feel that in this course, as in almost no other place in the university, the department of English can lay its wares before the student who has not yet decided on his field of study and try to pass on to him the enthusiasm which the staff itself must feel. If, as one might be led to infer, some departments really do not want more majors, the reason may be budgetary; but it would seem unwholesome.

Many benefits and advantages are enumerated; indeed, some answers wax lyrical at this point. Many people suggested a very high regard for the introductory course, and one good friend exclaimed bluntly, "This is the best course in the whole college, bar none!" Seldom were the same words used twice, but at the same time the various phrases used all seemed to converge on a few central thoughts: "exposure to types and periods," "a perspective of the field," "to show the relation of the past to the present," "to develop critical standards," "to stimulate the desire to know the classics of English literature better." A few pointed out that it was

useful in aiding the student to choose further courses in English more intelligently, but only a few. Though only one or two came out frankly in favor of information as its primary purpose, many implied it.

The chief difficulty which the largest number of people felt was related to the student rather than to the material. Many teachers were impressed by the lethargy, the inadequate preparation, and what one called "the innate immaturity" of the student. Others were most baffled by the appalling amount of material to be covered, the difficulty of bridging the gap from one figure to the next (especially when only a few great writers are read), and the labor of trying to establish a point of contact with the student. But none sounded particularly hopeless.

Much ink has been spilled over the question whether it is possible to cover so much ground in so short a time. In answer to my question whether the teacher feels more hurried in this course than in others, the answers were divided with curious evenness: nineteen yes, nineteen no. Nor was the division where one might expect: between survey courses, on the one hand (answering yes), and great writers, on the other (answering no). On the contrary the cleavage within each group was astonishingly even. Eleven surveyors were hurried, seven not; two typers yes, three no; three mixtures yes, three no; three great writers yes, three no. In other words, the mere reshuffling of the cards or the elimination of half or three-quarters of the authors read seems to do no good; time's hurrying foot still pursues relentlessly. I personally feel that this difficulty is inevitable in any course in the curriculum, and that if it is not felt, the course is no good. Completeness in any course ever taught in any college is unthinkable; only an introduction can be managed. The sense of pressure is merely relative. Most of us can, if we have to, cover all of English literature in one hour or spend six months on Shakespeare's sonnets. To be sure, a class might become so fed up on Spenser or Coleridge that it could not endure him any longer and would have to move on; but the cure would be worse than the disease. If anyone could feel more desperately pushed for time in a survey course than I do in teaching the seventeenth century or Milton, he would be in a sorry plight. A period course can no more achieve a leisurely gait than a survey.

The combined specifications for a successful teacher of this course are as formidable as St. Paul's ideal of charity, which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." If you took the whole faculty of the average college and lumped its virtues in the person of one man, he would still fall far short of this ideal. He must know and love his subject, know and love his students, be able to teach well, have catholic taste and rare discrimination, be eager, vital, patient, and co-operative, and combine a sense of humor with sound scholarship and those vexing intangibles, personality and perspective. Confined to a single word, one man answered, "brains," another "common sense." May the good Lord have mercy on us frail sinners!

In view of the current attacks on the value of the Ph.D., it was heartening to me to find that a few people still respect it. One of the most appalling indictments of our whole system of education which I have seen was a published statement recently made by a professor of English who specified that the best teacher for the freshman course was one who had no Ph.D. and no intention of ever getting one. Though there are obvious dangers in attaching too much weight to the mere possession of three mystic letters, this violent prejudice against it seems pernicious and even incomprehensible. Perhaps if we could agree that study of soils ruined a farmer, that training in music was fatal to a concert pianist, and that military training spoiled a soldier, then I should concede that advanced study of English should disqualify a teacher of literature. But to imply that a teacher becomes less effective as he learns more about his subject is a wilder paradox than I can follow or consent to. We would do well to note that Mary Ellen Chase writes most enthusiastically of President William Allan Neilson's steady insistence on the indispensability of productive scholarship by his faculty, fearing that without it they would stagnate and die. It is a deep consolation to me to find that only one out of all the answers which I received came out flatly with the opinion that the Ph.D. was harmful. That nearly two-thirds of all those answering should find that, other things being equal, the advanced degree was an undoubted benefit to the teacher, proves to my satisfaction, at least, that I am in good company in this opinion.

In an attempt to determine the justice of the criticism sometimes

leveled against the survey course, namely, that it merely reheats for the wedding breakfast in college the funeral baked meats of the English courses in preparatory school, I began my class this year with a rather extensive quiz. Before we had embarked at all on the work of the course, I submitted to the class a test of sixty factual questions, covering such matters as the dates of important authors (asking merely for the century), the names of the authors of well-known works, the type of literature represented by certain specified titles, and some questions of verse structure. The average student who has had this course should do passing work on such a test, and fully half of a class should get C or better. The results this time were incomparably lower. With the exception of one man, who made the unparalleled score of 37 out of 60, the highest was 27, which is less than 50 per cent. Six men got over 20, seven between 15 and 20, eight between 10 and 14, and four below 10. It seems clear that our course has at least a considerable amount of factual material to offer which is not already in the possession of the students.

In other respects, also, the survey course has been the target of attacks. In a recent issue of the *News-Letter* its pros and cons were enthusiastically aired and some good points were made. If William Vaughn Moody really ever did exclaim seriously at the end of a class, "There! We've killed off another poet today," his remark, unless simply a jest, is not so much a criticism of the course as of the teacher and certainly would be equally applicable—or out of place—in any course in the whole department. Whether we are monarchs of all we have surveyed may be an open question; but merely altering the order of the authors read or even slightly reducing their number will have little material effect on this result. Indeed, as Richard Kain has recently happily put it, in literature we have valleys and charming foothills as well as mountaintops. To vary the metaphor, he likens the ideal survey course to a charge of grape-shot, in which by their very variety some shots must strike their target. Knowing more and more about less and less is no worse and no better than knowing less and less about more and more; in Milton's simile this dilemma is a two-handed engine which waits before our doors to slay us all, no matter what sort of course we

present. One critic passionately declares that "the kingdom of culture is never won on the bloody field of facts and figures of speech but on the bloodier field of sustained struggle to get at the very heart's core of the Masters." Truer word was never spoken; but the outburst is utterly irrelevant and confusing. Do teachers of survey courses present only umbrellas and rubbers, whereas those in other kinds weave mystic spells? The whole discussion savors slightly of the ridiculous, and the sooner we ditch it the better. A teacher is a teacher, and a scarecrow a scarecrow; no petty juggling with a few figures will change rags and sticks to flesh and blood.

May I come back to Mr. Eaton's reminiscence of his course at Harvard. Though it is somewhat less than forty years ago that I took that same course, I have the identical recollection of it. It was the most unusual, the most fascinating course which I ever took. It was turned over, in successive periods, to various members of the department, who carried us through their favorite subjects. Thus we learned the early period from George Lyman Kittredge, the Elizabethan lyric from Le Baron Russell Briggs, the Elizabethan drama from William Allan Neilson, Romantic poetry from Bliss Perry, etc. We bought books which were not required reading, we read and annotated them, we discussed them, and we realized suddenly that there was only this one field in which we could ever happily major. The administrative difficulties in the path of organizing such a course must have been nearly insuperable. But on a more modest scale, some approach to this method can be worked out; and, indeed, my staff is most happily engaged at this very moment in trying it out. We have agreed to devote one meeting of our survey course about every two weeks to a lecture by one of us, at which he will talk about the one subject in the whole year's stretch in which he is most interested and best prepared. He will have to repeat this talk, since different sections meet at different hours; but at the end of the year every student in the course will have had a glimpse of the best that is known and thought in our particular world. If some distinct benefit does not accrue to the course from this effort, we intend to resign en masse.

Another fragrant memory in my mind is the browsing-room in the Harvard library. An expensive arrangement, like the heroic

course just mentioned, it had undeniable attractions and could be imitated in a smaller way by many of us. It was—and is—a separate room in the library, well stocked with fine copies of the best books, and intended for pure enjoyment and excitement as distinct from utilitarian study. As I remember it, notebooks were taboo. We were expected to come there to read. Other libraries elsewhere offer similar enticements, which are blessings in our work. It is a matter of regret that so few of the people reached by this questionnaire could reply affirmatively with attractions of this sort; they are surely an ideal toward which to strive.

Finally, informal discussions and readings under agreeable conditions and by voluntary meeting are of tremendous service. Copey of Harvard is an institution who is the despair of his imitators; his readings have inspired countless students; but the mere impossibility of being Beethovens should not discourage young composers from trying to write music. Taking notes on Spenser in a crowded classroom, distracted by broken and uncomfortable chairs, by bad lighting, and by worse ventilation, *may* produce remarkable results; but reading and discussing the *Faerie Queene* before a blazing fire with loaded bookcases and coffee within reach is a wholly different and a far more memorable experience. We can all achieve such results at least occasionally.

At bottom, there is just one rule for a course in literature. If we passionately desire to make our students enjoy the delights which we have ourselves found in our books, we can find a way to do it. It was not merely Mark Hopkins on the end of a log who hypnotized a student; what weighed most was his magnetic enthusiasm. The monuments of wit and learning, says Daniel's Musophilus, are more durable than the monuments of power or of the hands. If we really believe him, our courses will find a way to express that feeling, and we shall make an impression on our students. If, in Douglas Bush's pungent words, we teachers of English are to survive as other than a vermiform appendix to economics and sociology—a medium for translating the writings of professors of education into English—we *must* do so. And if we do, we shall, like Emerson's maker of crucibles and church organs, find a broad, hard-beaten road to our houses, though they be in the wood.

APPENDIX

THE INTRODUCTORY COURSE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE³

1. In what year is the course given?
Sophomore, 23; freshman, 18; sophomore and above, 7.
2. What is the nature of the course?
Survey, 24; types, 15; great writers, 8; special, 4.
3. What texts are used?
Anthology, 27; many texts (usually of low cost), 10; library or other loans, 4.
4. What written work is given?
Daily papers, 1; weekly papers, 4; several papers a term, 15; one paper a term, 1; book reviews in class, 1; optional papers, 1; tests, 10; none, 2.
5. What incidental attractions are offered?
Conferences with instructors, 5; lectures, 4; special library collections or browsing libraries, 4; exhibits, 3; English club, 2; writing groups, 2; phonograph records and lantern slides, 1; additional reading, 1; none, 18.
6. Is the course chiefly for English majors?
No, 29; half and half, 7; required of all students or all freshmen, 7; yes, 1.
7. Is it a recruiting ground for majors?
No, 38; yes, 3.
8. What are the chief benefits of the course?
Increase student's knowledge of literature, 26; improve his ability to analyze, 7; increase his appreciation of literature, 6; prepare for better work in his major, 6.
9. Is the purpose information or stimulation?
Stimulation, 16; both, 16; neither, 4; information, 4.
10. What are the chief difficulties or disadvantages?
Immaturity or dulness of students, 10; gaps between sections of subject, 5; insufficient time to cover material, 3; large classes, 1; dulness of course, 1; difficulty of finding satisfactory texts, 1; superficiality, 1; none, 3.
11. Do you feel more hurried than in other courses to cover the ground?
Yes, 19; no, 19. Of those voting yes: survey, 11; types, 2; great writers, 3; mixture, 3. Of those voting no: survey, 7; types, 3; great writers, 3; mixture, 6.
12. Are the instructors older or younger teachers?
Older, 18; mixture, 22; younger, 1.
13. What are the chief assets of a teacher in this course?
Love of literature, 19; knowledge of literature, 13; love of the student, 7; teaching ability, 9; personality, 8; critical ability, 6; brains, 4; understanding of the student, 3.
14. Is a Ph.D. helpful, harmful, or irrelevant?
Helpful, 26; irrelevant, 15; harmful, 1.

³ A digest of answers to a questionnaire circulated in August, 1940.

THE FIRST INSTRUCTION IN COMPOSITION¹

THEODORE J. GATES²

What to teach first in college classes in English composition has historically been something like the hen versus the egg controversy. Everyone knows that we sometimes have bad eggs and tough hens, and which is worse, more important, or more offensive is often a question of the moment; that is, the one immediately confronting us is likely to occupy so much of our attention that the other is ignored. I am not prepared to resolve the dilemma of biological science; neither am I prepared to resolve completely the dilemma of English Composition I.

Let us look at some of the possibilities. When Johnnie Jones, recent graduate of the Hickville Township High School, writes the sentence, "After the milk is gown, I have to feed the hoggs," and spells *gone* as *gown*, and *hogs* as *hoggs*, I presume that everyone here would know where to start with Johnnie Jones. And when Mary Rooney writes, "I awoke in the rosy-fingered dawn to see my mother's smiling face beaming above a dainty tray containing a tasty repast," I again presume that most of us would know pretty well what we should like to have Mary learn, although we men would perhaps be a bit puzzled about what to say to her. Similarly, another student never seems to grasp the why and how of those indispensable qualities of unity, coherence, and emphasis in the sentence. Again, as teacher, you may be tempted, perhaps almost required, to teach your students to *draw* the letters in the alphabet, or even the comma.

What I am trying to get at is that there is no downward limit to the curriculum which you *may* find it necessary to devise. Happy is the teacher and university who has no student needing instruction on the lower levels. My own fairly close association with two middle western universities and with the Pennsylvania State College and my correspondence with many other universities and small colleges lead me to believe pretty firmly that much of the so-called college compo-

¹ Read at the twenty-eighth annual meeting of the College Conference on English in the Central Atlantic States, November 23, 1940.

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sition is not college work at all. Let me cite some few proofs of bad and worsening preparation among freshmen.

We give each entering freshman a diagnostic placement test, covering spelling, vocabulary, punctuation, grammatical usage, and diction. On the basis of that test and a theme we exempt some and section the rest according to ability. During the last four years, in which we have used the same test, the raw scores have been steadily falling. Only about 25 per cent get 60 per cent of the answers right. Sixteen per cent are denied admission to college English and are required to schedule and pass a subfreshman course without credit. In the English test administered by the Chrysler Institute to its applicants—outstanding graduates of outstanding engineering schools—only 2 per cent get 75 per cent of the answers right, and the great majority of that 2 per cent come from Canadian schools. Another bit of evidence showing the necessity of teaching at the lower levels is the rapid rise in the publication and use of the so-called practice leaves—an abomination in college if there ever was one. Still another count to prove that we cannot wash our hands of a dirty job is the increased number of colleges and universities which have established various kinds of remedial courses—subfreshman courses—some carrying whole or partial college credit and some carrying none. The amount of credit usually depends upon what the traffic will bear.

I think I have said enough to recall to your minds (not prove to you, for you know as well as I do) that we may and probably will have to start with Johnnie Jones and Mary Rooney exactly where those two recently approved graduates of our secondary schools allow us to begin. In other words, the high schools and academies are determining our curriculums for these students. Fortunately, there is an upper quarter or an upper half to which training of a collegiate rank can be offered. For these we are grateful; they save our sanity and our lives. In them we can encourage and develop some respect for facts, some intelligence and adroitness in presenting those facts and their interpretation to other adult minds, and some facility and zest of expression. To them also first things come first, and every curriculum must provide for them. To their teacher comes some real joy of accomplishment—a joy that seldom comes from a

class in literature where the mild aesthetic response is unmeasurable and sometimes suspected of nonexistence.

These, then, are the two broadly divergent aims and labors of the first instruction in college composition. The first is to raise the level of literacy among those who may *otherwise* justify their retention in college. The second is to encourage those who already possess some power in thinking and skill in expression.

Two more tasks lie ahead of me in the next few minutes. The first you will thoroughly approve of: that is to remain well within my allotted twenty minutes. I prefer a short speech and a long discussion. I can only keep the speech short.

The second task is to make certain observations and recommendations, which some of you may not like, but which I ask you to consider carefully and to feel free to treat as you please in our discussion period. They cover both precollege and college work, but either directly or indirectly they affect the college curriculum.

I believe that too many college freshmen are ill prepared in English. There are many alleged causes—increasing public-school population; increasing number of those desiring to enter college; too early differentiation between academic and vocational courses; overloading of high-school teachers of English; loose certification requirements; progressive educationists. Now, all these have to do with the precollege days. What should we, what *can* we do about them?

Obviously, we cannot control population or the desire for college training. But we can as fathers and mothers, as college professors, as an organization, do something about the others.

1. I recommend that public-school personnel officers not too early assume that relative slowness in learning is a sure indication that the student is unfit for college and that, therefore, he will not later try to enrol in a college. Desire to go is now so dependent upon social prestige that outstanding ability is no longer the criterion. Furthermore, the student who elects to study for a vocation may change his mind, or the family fortune may rise. For these reasons, and others, I think we should discourage the several brands of "vocational" English; if necessary, we can even deny admission to their products.

2. I recommend that both in and out of season, as individuals and as an organization, we fight the overloading of the high-school teacher of English. Her normal load in Pennsylvania is seven sec-

tions of about thirty-five to forty students each, or twenty-eight hours a week and from two hundred to two hundred and fifty students. In class she must be a jack-of-all-trades—from speech correctionist to an authority on Milton's pre-Hortorian poems. Out of class she must be equally facile. She must coach dramatics and debating; oversee the high-school paper and the annual; and recently she has had to train students in choral reading. The community, especially the small town, expects her to take an active part in civic affairs—at least to the extent of teaching a Sunday-school class or singing in the choir. If it is not a college town, she must read two papers a year before the local women's club.

Do you want her job? If you had her job, would you assign exercises and papers which you would have to correct and grade in your spare time? As parents of her students or as college professors inheriting her graduates, can you expect much more than you are now getting?

3. To the high-school teacher who does have time to teach, I recommend that she concentrate her efforts toward the development of two essential skills in her students. All else should be subordinate to them, contributory to them, for they are the essentials, whether the boy go to college or not: the first is to read, not rapidly but well, to read for details as well as for general notions; the second is to speak and *write* the English language clearly and without subsequent embarrassment. Inherent in this last is the development of ability to organize facts and ideas for ready reception by other minds. Only continued practice in original compositions will accomplish these results.

I make this special recommendation to high-school teachers because it is so easy to concentrate on "cultural ideals," "American civilization," "the cavalcade of America," "social living," "cores," "units," "fusions," "integrations," etc. These are the devices of the devil which lead good teachers into every kind of job but their own. These are the devices which incompetent or overworked teachers justify by all means at their disposal; for they want to substitute something else for their own job that they do not know or do not want to learn.

4. I recommend that we college teachers no longer shut our eyes to the preachments and practices of the progressive educationists.

Possibly they were maligned, and unjustly maligned, when they were called the educators who strive to make infancy perpetually attractive to perpetual infants. Let us remember that, although they are suspect, their insistence upon individual instruction is sound. The fact remains, however, that we college teachers know too little about them. I think we should inform ourselves, adopt what *is* good, and oppose what we think is bad. We may not agree among ourselves, but we should cease to be like the mole who cannot see or the ostrich who will not see.

5. I recommend that this organization condemn such loose certification requirements that those untrained in English are certified to teach it. Eighteen college credits automatically certify in the state of Pennsylvania. I understand that similar conditions prevail elsewhere.

Now for some comments on college teaching and teachers.

1. I believe that colleges themselves have contributed to the lowering of standards. We have been too willing to accept as worthy and approved candidates all and sundry who have had the necessary fee in hand. You and I can do little about it. Such matters rest with those shadowy impersonal personalities whom we often refer to as "the administration." But the indictment stands, nevertheless.

2. A second way in which we have contributed to the perpetuation of bad English is our failure to make our wants known. We have been too fearful of the charge of college domination, too fearful that high-school principals will think that we are trying to dictate their curriculums to them. We need not be afraid. I am positive of it. For the last four years I have made a special report to every high-school principal who has sent us one or more students. I have provided him with grades and with reasons for failing grades. When he has inquired, I have gone into detail, even making recommendations for the revision of his curriculum. Not a single principal has complained; some have offered explanations; more have asked for help. They *want* to know what we want our freshmen to know. And they are surprised and immensely pleased that a college the size of ours should take the pains to be concerned about an individual student who has got off to a wrong start.

If all of us—if half of us—would be equally frank and co-operative with the high schools, I believe that many of the problems of English

would be on the way to practical solutions. At any rate, we can help to plan our curriculum from four to six years before the student reaches us.

3. One more item, and then I am done. I believe that all colleges should take composition seriously, especially the first instruction in composition. We have been so overwhelmed by numbers that we have dodged the hard task, the disagreeable task, and have tried to say to ourselves (and often with much justice) that we deserve a departmental life of our own, that we are not simply a service department whose duty it is to make engineers, farmers, and chemists literate. We have too often turned over the job of teaching composition to the graduate student, or the beginner, or to the generally ill clothed, ill fed, and ill housed. Where will you find a full professor concentrating his best thought and energy, or even a fair portion of it, on the problem of teaching adequate control of thought and the clear expression of it? And yet we shall be judged everywhere by our graduates—by their use of the English language, not by their subtle appreciation and penetrative analysis of John Donne's poetry. I take it that our job is to supply not the complete intellectual life but the tools for it and the desire to prosecute it throughout life. Yet many of our graduates have little desire to read, little skill in it, and certainly no developed power of communicating with others. Even Ph.D. candidates have to employ ghost writers to "English" their dissertations.

I believe that composition teachers should be selected for their ability to write and teach, that they should be carefully watched and helped in their beginning years, and that good ones should be retained, promoted in rank, and adequately rewarded in salary. I urge that we stop thinking of composition teachers as either apprentices or failures. If the curriculum in college composition must be good, the teaching must be better than good. If not, we who are responsible for it have no one to blame but ourselves. And the first instruction is the most important. All else depends upon it. That is why we should concern ourselves about overloading the high-school teacher, why we should work for higher standards of certification, why we should not ignore progressive and experimental tendencies, why we should everlastingly write to high-school principals, why we should improve our own teaching and our own teachers.

ROUND TABLE

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE RIGHT HANDBOOK

The significance of an English handbook lies less in the possibility that students may read it than in the fact that instructors do. Regular and intelligent student reference seems to be the exception rather than the rule; but instructors not only consult the handbook they are using, they are likely to con it, get it by heart, and, not infrequently, pledge indiscriminate devotion to it. Herein lies its power—a power which, it seems to me, has not received sufficient attention in the many analyses of what ails freshman composition that have appeared in the pages of *College English*. For the English handbook is often the teacher's teacher, so that when a man writes and publishes a handbook he becomes a power behind the throne of every department that adopts his work. Such a condition may exist in other departments also, but there are factors peculiar to the teaching of English composition that allow the author of an English handbook to exert an unusual authority.

The first of these factors is the age and experience of the English instructor. Exceptions may be numerous, but in general, and especially in the larger universities, the teaching of composition is the work of young men and women who are pursuing advanced degrees or who, having obtained these degrees, are serving their apprenticeships as teachers. To graduate from freshman composition to the survey of English literature and then on to the specialized courses is to advance in the profession, and the best teachers so advance. As they move up, they take their experience with them, leaving the field to younger men who must make up by enthusiasm what they lack in maturity.

Another factor that increases the authority of the handbook is the training of the English instructor. When he enters graduate school he has two main objectives: to qualify for an advanced degree and to equip himself for teaching English. The first objective is clear and immediate; the second, vague and remote; and, under the pressure of faculty requirements and student competition, the distant goal is eclipsed by the nearer. Consequently, the graduate student yields himself to a discipline which, however valuable it may be later in his professional career, is not always

applicable to the problems he will meet in the composition classroom during his first years of teaching.

He does, of course, learn a great deal about the language from this discipline. He not only learns to read Old English literature, but he has the valuable experience of observing critically, under expert direction, the metamorphoses of the language through its Old and Middle English stages. The weakness of his training is that it does not sufficiently underline the relationship of his work in Old English to his work in the teaching of Modern English. He is likely to read *Beowulf* as though it were a foreign masterpiece and to regard the ultimate triumph of the native tongue over the language of the Normans as a historical event like the Battle of Waterloo. That such a triumph has any bearing on the principal parts of *sing*, the reference of pronouns or their case after the verb *to be*, on the use of the subjunctive, the plural of *cherub*, or the pronunciation of *lingerie* seldom occurs to him. It is only after freshman composition forces him, if it ever does, to observe the practices of contemporary writers and speakers that the full significance of his work in Old English becomes manifest.

Moreover, the graduate student has only a vague understanding of the blue-pencil jargon he will use as a teacher. In general, dangling participles, split infinitives, comma splices, and period faults are not yet in his vocabulary. He has had little experience with them because, on the whole, his writing did not require his instructors to call them to his attention. He knows a poor sentence when he sees one, but he is seldom able to name the specific error that made it poor. Because the papers which he reads and writes are relatively well written, he has had little experience with poor writing in the sense in which freshman themes are poorly written.

When he begins to teach he becomes painfully aware of these deficiencies. His first introduction to the handbook is a terrifying experience. If he is conscientious—and he usually is—he sets about learning the rules for the use of the comma, the intricacies of the case of pronouns, and a multitude of new names for hitherto unheard-of literary sins. Little wonder that in such a sea of confusion he clings to his handbook as a shipwrecked sailor clings to his raft, and by an interesting human weakness, soon comes to believe that these rules, which only yesterday were unknown to him, are the sole criteria of good writing. Like the medieval professor teaching not anatomy but Galen, he teaches not current usage but the usage of his handbook—often with embarrassing results. I have in mind a colleague who, in accordance with the handbook, rebuked a

student for saying, "I don't think so," and required him to say, instead, "I think not."

"But," asked the puzzled freshman, "don't people really say, 'I don't think so?'"

"I don't think so," the instructor replied, and amid wholesome student laughter skepticism was born.

Until skepticism sets in, until the young instructor learns to apply the same habit of critical observation to current usage that he applied to the study of Middle English dialects, the English handbook will be the staff on which he leans. If the first handbook he uses is unrealistic, if through blind veneration of antiquity it assumes that the rules of Latin syntax should and do govern the use of Modern English, if it fails to reflect the actual speech conventions of those who are in positions of power and responsibility in society, if it attempts to dictate, rather than to report, the facts of the language—in short, if it does what too many of our handbooks have been doing for too long: it stands a very good chance of nullifying the whole purpose of graduate training and of reducing the potential teacher to the level of those gentlemen who write syndicated linguistic mythology in the tabloid pages of the daily newspapers.

JAMES M. McCRIMMON

UNIVERSITY OF TOLEDO

A UNIVERSITY LIBRARY EXAMINES ITS PERIODICAL CIRCULATION

Theoretically, modern teaching methods have given great importance to periodicals as supplementary reference material. Given a student body of nine thousand, as we have at U.C.L.A., and over six thousand periodicals received annually by the university library, how much do the students themselves confirm the importance of periodicals as recorded by circulation statistics? To answer this question a study was made of all the magazine charges made to undergraduate students covering the period from November 11 to December 15, 1940, or from the end of mid-terms to Christmas vacation. This period was selected as the most reliable for giving a true picture of the periodical circulation, as it is not affected by either impending mid-term examinations or finals. It was hoped to determine, by studying the charges rather than the bare statistics, not only how much the students were using the magazines received at U.C.L.A. but also to answer the following questions:

1. What type of periodical is charged out most frequently?
2. To what extent are the charges influenced by such factors as
 - a) Sex difference?
 - b) Years of college training?
 - c) School or department in which the student is registered?
 - d) Residence? (Commuter, or dormitory resident?)

During the five-week period 297 undergraduate students charged out 130 different titles for a total circulation of 609. Of these periodicals only 26 went out five or more times. Ranked in order of times circulated, the 26 magazines were as follows:

1. Reader's Digest	58	16. American Journal of Physiol- ogy	6
2. Illustrated London News	57	17. Journal of Educational Psy- chology	6
3. Time	35	18. Public Opinion Quarterly	6
4. Endocrinology	31	19. Vital Speeches	6
5. Journal of Health and Physical Education	30	20. Research Quarterly (A.A.H.P.E.R.)	5
6. Nation	30	21. American Medical Association Journal	5
7. Fortune	27	22. Federal Reserve Bulletin	5
8. Scholastic	19	23. Financial World	5
9. New Republic	16	24. Journal of Endocrinology	5
10. New Masses	13	25. Journal of General Physiology	5
11. Foreign Policy Reports	12	26. Pacific Journal of Nursing	5
12. Newsmap	19		
13. Army and Navy Review	8		
14. Elementary School Journal	8		
15. Newsweek	7		

All types of periodicals are represented in the above list—those appearing weekly, monthly, or quarterly, and those of general or specialized interest. The two occupying the highest positions are both classified as of general interest. One appears monthly and the other weekly. *Endocrinology* and the *Journal of Health and Physical Education* make their appearance in the ranks of the first five, and both are definitely related to specific courses given in the university.

A study of the circulation of the ten most popular magazines which were responsible for a little over half the total circulation reveals the following interesting information:

Reader's Digest.—Here the interest was evenly divided between freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors, and between men and women. This magazine, then, appears to be popular with both sexes and with all classes. Only one student in the school of education was a reader of the

library's copy and none in the college of agriculture, the majority being in the college of letters and science.

Illustrated London News.—The popularity of this magazine with undergraduate students is probably accounted for by the interest in the war situation. The men appear to be much more interested in it than women, likewise senior students more than the lowerclassmen. No students in the college of applied arts or the school of education are listed among its readers.

Time.—Men, again, are listed as having more readers than the women, with a tie between sophomores and seniors for the most readers. The college of business administration and the college of letters and science tie for honors, with no representatives from the college of applied arts.

Endocrinology.—This circulation runs true to expectation. The magazine is definitely related to a course which ordinarily has more men enrolled than women and which is given as an upper-division course in the college of letters and science.

Journal of Health and Physical Education.—The fifteen freshman women readers registered in the college of applied arts who charged out this magazine would strongly indicate a response to a class assignment.

Nation.—This is a periodical predominantly of interest to men, fairly evenly distributed between the four classes, and with all schools and colleges represented.

Fortune.—It appeals to both men and women, more to upper-division than to lower-division students, and has its readers more evenly distributed between the various schools and colleges.

Scholastic.—This is of interest to the women and to freshmen. It has more readers among the students in the colleges of applied arts and of business administration than in the college of letters and science.

New Republic.—Like the *Nation*, this magazine is of more interest to men than to women, but it has this difference in that most of its readers are seniors, and none are in the college of business administration or in the school of education.

New Masses.—Four men and two women were all that were interested in reading this radical magazine. Five of the students are in the college of letters and science, the other in the college of applied arts. No freshman read it, three students are sophomores, one a junior, and two are seniors. So much for the red menace, at least among our periodical readers.

A study of the individual readers' charges revealed certain tendencies which are summarized as follows:

1. Men read more periodicals than women. The average number read by the men was 2.47, for the women 1.66. Women tend to read more in

fields related to their courses, while the men are more constant readers of the general-interest magazines.

2. Senior men read more than freshmen, while there is no regular increase by classes for women readers.

3. Residence is not a significant factor.

4. No systematic borrowing of periodicals in the subject fields such as that in the field of general interest is indicated. Reading in the subject fields seems to be inspired more by use of periodical indexes or in response to teacher assignments than by a professional interest in keeping abreast of the current thought and latest discoveries as found in specialized literature.

The implication of the above for educators is that more time might profitably be spent in introducing the students to the rich content of the professional magazines and the value of reading regularly at least one such periodical.

This does not pretend to be a conclusive study and frankly admits its weakness in that there is no check on the number of periodicals taken from the open shelves and read in the room without being charged for home use. However, as most studies of periodical reading seem to be based on questionnaires in which the student names those he reads regularly, it was thought that a study using the evidence of actual charges would be of value and might prove an impetus for similar investigations at other institutions of higher learning. It is only through the collected evidence of both types of data gathered from all types of universities and colleges that the actual use of periodicals can be determined and what the significant factors are affecting this use.

GLADYS A. CORYELL

LIBRARIAN, GRADUATE READING ROOM
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT LOS ANGELES

A SOLUTION FOR THE TEACHING OF THE INVESTIGATORY PAPER

Among the most ardent pleaders for euthanasia is the instructor of freshman composition in those colleges where the teaching of the investigatory paper is required. Dogged by his students, his conscience, and the course's requirements, he finds himself too often burdened by senseless conferences and bickerings. The difficulties encountered are varied and many, yet the technique of research and of writing taught in such a course is absolutely indispensable to the later career of the average student.

It requires no very lengthy examination of these difficulties to impress upon the instructor the necessity of finding a more satisfactory method than that now in operation in the majority of colleges. First he finds himself confronted by a diverse group of students whose special interests should give them a decided advantage over him in the choice of their long investigatory paper topics; but his illusions will soon be ended by the long, embattled hours endured to convince the average freshmen that such topics as "Plastics" and "Propaganda Technique in the First World War" are too broad in scope. Our instructor will also learn that he is carried by his students far from humanistic fields, in which he himself has concentrated, into specialized subjects about which he cannot reasonably be expected to know anything, e.g., "The Care and Feeding of Infants," "The Moscow Sewage System," and "Sulfanilimide." The student's problems of bibliography and failure to find material can be met only with the unsatisfactory answer: "Go back to the library and check further on the bibliography." During the period devoted to the taking of notes the instructor will find certain library books frozen in circulation and will be forced to grant some students an extension of time or advise them, sometimes at an extremely late and fatal date, to switch topics. The instructor, in class, can find no unified basis for discussion, and, while the tutorial system of individual conferences is ideal, it is impossible and inhumane for the instructor who has large classes. Diversity of subjects under investigation likewise results in the inability of the instructor to present models that can be understood and appreciated by the entire class. He finds office hours long, his advice vaguely groping and merely suggestive, and, in the end, his evaluation of the material handled by the student unsatisfactory.

Important as these difficulties are, they are so obvious that it is hardly necessary to indicate them, and they are cited here only that the writer of this paper may present a solution to them that he has found entirely satisfactory. As the technique involved in the compilation of sources and notes, in the use of the library, and in the writing of the paper is of primary importance, while the material handled is of only secondary importance, the instructor discovered in Boswell's *Life of Johnson* a humane springboard for investigation. An inexpensive and basic text, itself a masterpiece of investigation, the greatest biography in the English language afforded a convenient hub for the students' investigations. Preliminary readings, discussions, and lectures acquainted them with what was to be the basis for their studies. The instructor assigned a preliminary short investigatory paper of three to five hundred words drawn solely from

Boswell's *Life* on Johnson's marriage, written after the techniques of note-taking, outlining, and footnoting had been discussed.

The student was now ready to proceed to his particular topic relating to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, which, if he could not choose from a list posted by the instructor or devise a subject for himself, was assigned to him. Particularly satisfactory and interesting, to both the student and the instructor, were such topics as "Johnson's Tour to France," "Johnson, Dr. Dodd, and the Hangman," "Francis Barber, Johnson's Negro Servant," "Johnson and Mr. Thrale," "Johnson and Mrs. James Boswell," and "Auchinleck and Its Lord."

To prevent freezing in library circulation, the following books, which most of the students would find necessary for their bibliographies, were placed on reserve: Johnson's *Rasselas*, *Idler*, *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, *Letters*, *Lives of the Poets*, *Poems*, *Political Tracts*, *Rambler*, and *Works*; several editions of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, including the standard Birkbeck Hill edition and Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* and *Letters*; Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, *The Queeney Letters*; W. E. H. Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*; Turberville's *Johnson's England*; and Struble's *A Johnson Handbook*. The reserving of these books did not abolish all contact with the library catalogue and loan service, for the student working on such subjects as "Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds" and "Johnson and David Garrick" was required to consult magazine articles and books other than those placed on reserve.

Although, naturally, not expecting students to produce such finely written pieces of scholarship, the instructor found stimulating models in such essays as Austin Dobson's "A Garret in Gough Square" and "Johnson's Library" in *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, Pottle's "Boswell and the Girl from Botany Bay" in *Woollcott's Second Reader*, and "A Macaroni Parson" in A. Edward Newton's *The Amenities of Book Collecting*. With the aid of their newly acquired background, the students were capable of enjoying these belles-lettres in which they could find an interest relative their own topics.

The advantages of the method outlined above are obvious. No longer compelled to delve into subjects of which he had no previous knowledge and in which he had little, if any, personal interest, the instructor found his conferences reduced to a minimum, for when in class he had answered the bibliographical problem of one student he had settled that of a second. The quibbling over the narrowing-down of a topic or over the choice of a subject was entirely avoided. Unity of subject matter gave the class a

common basis for discussion and enabled the instructor to present well-written, scholarly models to an appreciative audience.

The advantages for the student were as apparent as those for the instructor. If an objection were to be raised on the ground that there was too much regimentation, the obvious answer would be that the purpose of the course was not to permit the student to follow his own particular predilection, to push him in the direction in which he was already bent, but simultaneously to teach him the technique of the writing of the investigatory paper and to broaden the background in humane letters that progressive education is daily making more difficult to attain in the public high schools.

Naturally, there are subjects other than Dr. Johnson for concentrated investigation. Other instructors have found such limited fields as the early life of Abraham Lincoln and the Civil War both fascinating and sufficient for the purposes of the course designed to teach the writing of the investigatory paper. Such literary topics as the life and writings of Charles Lamb and such historical topics as the French Revolution would be adaptable to the teaching of investigatory techniques.

W. L. T. FLEISCHAUER

MICHIGAN STATE COLLEGE

FORTY-TWO CRITICS CAN'T BE WRONG

Forty-two of the "leading American critics"—no mean number of leaders—have chosen the ten greatest American classics. The Heritage Press has announced the winners, and the literary journals have given the news to the expectant public. And what does this list tell us about American literature—and American critics?

Well, the critics are true to their early loves; the books they liked to read or had to read in high school. Of the twenty books that got four or more votes, fourteen are regularly recommended for adolescents. We all know the authors: Twain, Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Franklin, Poe, Cooper, Howells (the inevitable *Silas*), Louisa Alcott, Parkman, and Mrs. Stowe. The average lad might not get to Thoreau and Parkman, but the ones who are growing up to be leading critics would surely read all this and Henry James too.

There is a slight shock at not seeing Longfellow, Irving, and Whittier on this distinguished list. But, after all, they are encountered in the grades

and grammar schools, and readers of Emerson can sneer slightly at the village blacksmiths, the barefoot boys, and the impossible Rip.

High-school lists have changed in recent years; Lewis, O'Neill, and even the tougher Hemingway have crashed the shelf of recommended fiction. But our critics are middle-aged or beyond (as I shall show in a minute), and their favorites come from the years when *Tom Sawyer* was emerging from the stigma of being a bad influence on growing boys.

After the fourteen high-school books have been subtracted from the classic twenty, six books remain. They are (in order of popularity): *Moby Dick*, *Leaves of Grass*, *The Education of Henry Adams*, Emily Dickinson's *Poems*, *Sister Carrie*, and *The Red Badge of Courage*. They have just one thing in common: at some time between 1912 and 1924 each of them had enough of a vogue to reach the general reading public.

Whitman first rode into general recognition on the backs of his imitators in the new poetry movement of 1912-17. Dreiser emerged at the same time and published a novel every year or two, while Mencken thumped the drum for the once-suppressed *Sister Carrie*.

Two other books accompanied the World War. Crane's *Red Badge* was reissued to supply the sudden demand for war books in 1914. Sergeant Arthur Guy ("Over the Top") Empey wrote an introduction for it. Persons who had known Crane cashed in on their memories, and eventually Thomas Beer's tortuous biography (1923) brought Crane to the attention of the slick-magazine public.

The Education of Henry Adams had been privately printed in 1907; published in 1918, it soon reached best-seller lists. His pessimistic view of centrifugal energy in chaos suited a public distraught at casualty lists and the flu at home. Ah, for the days of the Virgin supreme, and the building—instead of the bombing—of cathedrals!

Melville's birth centennial in 1919 brought forth articles in England and America; and, as with Crane, a first biography, Raymond Weaver's *Herman Melville, Mystic and Mariner* (1921), put him also among the classics. Everyman's Library had had *Moby Dick* since 1907 and merely needed to run off a new edition, but the World's Classics accepted the novel in 1921 and the Modern Library printed it in 1926.

Emily Dickinson re-emerged on the heels of Melville and Crane. Her *Complete Poems* and *Life and Letters* appeared in the same year, 1924, and the 1930 centennial and the Great Lover Mystery combined to make her a household name.

In short, the six books not read by the critics in high school all reached the general public between the years 1912 and 1924. Those must have

been the halcyon days when the critics were young men (women critics would not top their choices with Twain, Melville, and Whitman) in their twenties, who could read without glasses but with enthusiasm and impressionability. Those are the days and the books to which they now look longingly with rose-tinted spectacles.

What about the nature of the twenty books apart from the time element? Well, the leading critics like a good prose story best—Huck, Tom, Captain Ahab, the Oregon Trail, Poe's horrors. They like a little less the somewhat quieter tempo of Hawthorne and Howells. But nothing "deeper"—no Henry James with interminable analyses, no naturalistic scum (except for four votes for mild Crane and Dreiser), no visions of Bellamy, no social satire by Mrs. Wharton or Sinclair Lewis, and certainly nothing by the disciples of Freud and Joyce.

Apart from good prose stories, they like only one thing—autobiography. They take it straight in Ben Franklin and Henry Adams. They like it in essay form—Emerson, Thoreau, Lincoln—or in the poetry of Whitman and Miss Dickinson. An interesting human being or a good prose tale—that is their complete formula for an American classic.

Let us at least admire their intolerance of dullness. Their list begins chronologically with Franklin; at one swoop they have got rid of the Colonial divines and journalists and pamphleteers who are still the backbone of college courses in American "literature." They have ignored Victorian sentimentality in prose and poetry (except for Uncle Tom); they have neglected (it's worth repeating) the pompous stuttering of Henry James, up to this moment the critics' delight. They have swept aside all the half-baked experiments of the present century—along with those that were well done.

It would be unfair to ask them to discover and agree on some neglected literary Cinderella in these days when even the Hundred Worst Plays are being exhumed. It would be unfair also to ask in America for some eternal symbol like *Don Quixote*, some panorama like *War and Peace*, some fairyland like Proust's, some uncharted seas and skies like Homer's and Dante's. Our critics may be old, but our literature is still young.

We may well be flattered to find our leading critics so closely in tune with the high schools (of a generation ago) and the cultured readers (of the 1920's). But give us time and great books will appear. With them perhaps will come critics with values as well as memories: critics who will inevitably reject *Sister Carrie* if they accept Hester Prynne, and discard Henry Adams if they keep Emerson.

W. L. WERNER

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CURRENT ENGLISH FORUM

In connection with the question asked by J. R. A. and answered by J. B. McMillan in your February issue, may I ask why there is difficulty in finding a clear and commonly used rule of application in such a sentence as "I would hate to be (she, her)" or "I am often taken to be (she, her)." The general rule states that a noun or pronoun completing an intransitive linking verb agrees in case with the noun or pronoun to which it refers back, the word with which there is a question of identity in the particular sentence. Why should it not be perfectly clear that the pronoun here reaches all the way back to the subject of the finite modal verb "would hate" or "am taken," respectively? The exact relationship between two pronouns exists in "I knew it to be her when I heard the first footstep" or "I knew it was she." Or do we throw the rule overboard entirely?

M. J. G.

It is quite true that Professor McMillan's reply to the question referred to by these correspondents differed from that given by certain school texts. The question, of course, is who is correct, or can correctness in this matter be determined? In his answer he pointed out that the standard dictionaries and descriptive grammars, that is, sources of information based on actual usage, had little or nothing to say about this construction. Failing this factual record, there was only one other resort—to base his reply upon the historical tendencies of the language, which in this instance led him to choose the objective form of the pronoun because of the post-verbal position.

The rules cited in the school texts in D. K.'s letter and the principle mentioned by M. J. G. have validity only when it is proved that they are accurate descriptions of the language practices of cultivated English speakers; that *I wish to be she* is used to the relative exclusion of *I wish to be her*. Even if cultivated usage were divided in this respect, Professor McMillan would then still be justified in recommending the *her* form upon the basis of historical tendency. But, as has been indicated, the actual recorded facts in the case are wanting; therefore, with all due respect to

the authors, the rules must be considered as rationalization rather than description; and, for the present, at least, there is no one correct answer.

A. H. M.

How acceptable in modern writing is the following use of "which"?

"You must be interested in overcoming this handicap or you would not be reading this book. Which means that you want to know the procedure step by step and will then follow instructions to correct this fault."

Shouldn't "which" refer to a noun or pronoun and not to a whole thought?

A. M. Y.

Which has long had a sparing use as a relative referring to a clause: *Webster's International* gives quotations from Carlyle and Irving; Curme, *Syntax*, page 226, has several; and the construction is rated "Established" in *Current English Usage*, page 106.

The more interesting problem in your quotation is the use of a *which* clause as an independent sentence. More typically it would be subordinate, as in "I went immediately into the banquet-room, which was, I found later, a technical error." *Which* clauses are almost the only clauses subordinate in form that stand reputably as independent sentences. They are more typical of humorous or colloquial writing ("There we are; now let us classify them. Which he does" [E. M. Forster, *Aspects of the Novel*, p. 27]) but also occur in conspicuously formal style.

Can you give any rule for the use of "upon" versus "on"?

A. M. Y.

In meaning, *upon* is equivalent to *on* with only a few special contexts in which the former is the more usual form. These are adequately discussed in the large dictionaries. In use, *upon* is not nearly so common as *on* and is associated with more formal writing ("Upon second thought" versus "On second thought"). C. C. Fries, *American English Grammar*, page 111, records 31 instances of *upon* in his group of letters in Standard English and only 2 instances of *upon* in a similar group of letters in Vulgar English. (*On* occurred 228 and 101 times in the two groups, respectively.) *On* is generally more idiomatic and would be used unless rhythm of the phrase or a desire for formality made *upon* seem more appropriate.

NEWS AND NOTES

THE THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF TEACHERS OF ENGLISH

College teachers of English will find good programs and good company at the College Section meetings and the general sessions of the National Council of Teachers of English in Atlanta, November 20-22. Nonmembers and members of the Council are equally welcome; the convention fee of fifty cents covers admission to all meetings. The programs of most general interest to college teachers follow:

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20

GENERAL SESSION, 8:00 P.M.

Georgia Institute of Technology, Auditorium

Presiding, Jeannette Maltby, North Central High School, Spokane,
Second Vice-President of the Council

Address of Welcome: Willis A. Sutton, Superintendent of Schools,
Atlanta

President's Address: "One People, One Language"—Robert C. Pooley,
University of Wisconsin

Reading, the Foundation of Education—Stella S. Center, New York
University

Transmitting Our Literary Heritage—Thomas C. Pollock, State Teachers
College, Montclair, New Jersey

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21

GENERAL SESSION, 9:00 A.M.

Georgia Institute of Technology, Auditorium

Presiding, Robert C. Pooley, University of Wisconsin, President of the
Council

The Place of Speech in a Democracy—Andrew T. Weaver, Chairman, De-
partment of Speech, University of Wisconsin

Preserving the Creative Arts—Frederick Koch, University of North
Carolina

DISCUSSION SESSIONS, 11:00 A.M.

Language—Mr. Pooley	Speech—Mr. Weaver
Literature—Mr. Pollock	Reading—Miss Center
Composition—Mr. Koch	

JOINT LUNCHEON SECTION AND SOUTH ATLANTIC MODERN LANGUAGE
ASSOCIATION LUNCHEON, 12:00 NOON*Biltmore Hotel, Silver Room*The Humanities in the Next Generation—John D. Wade, University of
GeorgiaJOINT PROGRAM OF COLLEGE SECTION AND TEACHERS
SECTION, 2:00 P.M.*St. Mark's Methodist Church*

Topic: The Preparation of Secondary School Teachers of English

Presiding, Warner G. Rice, University of Michigan

Prepared Statements concerning Programs at—

Syracuse University—Helene W. Hartley

Eastern Kentucky State Teachers College—Roy B. Clark

Columbia University—Lennox Grey

Harvard University—Howard Mumford Jones

Questions and discussion from the audience

ANNUAL DINNER, 6:30 P.M.

*Atlanta Athletic Club**Toastmaster*: E. A. Cross, Colorado State College of Education

Address: Mrs. Willie Snow Ethridge, Prospect, Kentucky

Address: "My American"—John Erskine, Columbia University

Introduction of distinguished guests

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22

JOINT PROGRAM, COLLEGE SECTION OF THE COUNCIL AND THE
ENGLISH SECTION OF THE SOUTH ATLANTIC MODERN
LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION, 9:00 A.M.*Georgian Terrace Hotel, Palm Room**Presiding*, Hill Shine, Agnes Scott College

The College Man Looks at High-School English—Reed Smith, University of South Carolina

The Teaching of College English—Dougald Macmillan, University of North Carolina

Teaching English to Graduate Students—Clifford P. Lyons, University of Florida

Discussion

ANNUAL LUNCHEON, 12:00 NOON

Atlanta Athletic Club

Presiding, John J. De Boer, Chicago Teachers College, First Vice-President of the Council

Address: "Vachel Lindsay and the American Soul"—Olive Lindsay Wakefield, Belmont, Massachusetts

Address: "American Traditions and the World-Revolution"—Herbert Agar, Editor, Louisville *Courier-Journal*

Introduction of new officers

Room reservations may be made now by addressing the National Council of Teachers of English Convention Headquarters, Biltmore Hotel, Atlanta, Georgia. Single rooms will be \$3.00, \$4.00, and \$5.00; double rooms, \$4.50, \$5.50, and \$6.50; twin-bedded rooms, \$5.00, \$6.00, and \$7.00.

THE PERIODICALS

American art may mean the cultivation of European arts transplanted in the United States or the indigenous folk art of the American pioneer, builder, workingman, or housewife. In his prize-winning essay "Arts in America," which appears in the August *Atlantic*, John A. Kouwenhoven says that the best American art results from the expression of folk characteristics with the help of our European tradition. In the nineteenth century, American toolmakers and inventors of machinery became world-famous for the combination of simplicity, lightness, and strength of construction which mark American design. For long, engineering and architecture were not brought together, with the result that buildings became either futile refinements of European modes or, often, ugly structures of the most narrow utilitarian character. Then from the Eads Bridge and

the cantilever bridge over the Kentucky River, the products of creative American engineering, Louis Sullivan caught the vision which made architecture, for him, a religion. American literature, the sister-art in which America is distinguished, equally represents a blend of cultivated taste and the vernacular. Emerson, Whitman, Mark Twain, and Sandburg have roots in the vernacular tradition of either oral or written journalism. Emerson first glimpsed in the barbarism and materialism of his times a carnival of the same gods whose picture we admire in Homer. Whitman turned from the "choicer classes" to "the bulky democratic torso of the United States even for aesthetic and moral attributes of serious account."

To a fair evaluation of Faulkner, the preliminary issue is whether the evil characters and social background which he portrays conform to real behavior and tradition or whether they claim merely a scandalous interest. In "Faulkner and the South," which appeared in the *Antioch Review* for spring, Warren Beck explains the social import of Faulkner's novels. (Mr. Beck's critical analysis of Faulkner's art, "Faulkner's Point of View," was published in the May *College English*.) Because of his own experience in the first World War and his knowledge of the lost generation, Faulkner is unusually qualified to penetrate the post-Civil War consciousness of the South. Taken as a whole, his novels picture the generations of decay in southern families, who stand, like Lot's wife, petrified in a morbid backward glance. The effete snobbery of the old leading families is represented by Temple Drake's "My father's a judge." In Joe Christmas, part Negro, of *Light in August*, is represented the implacable vengeance of slavery. In *The Unvanquished*, after the Civil War, Bayard Sartoris tried to repudiate the gentleman's code of honor and violence, but the tradition rises again and strikes his grandson, who in the novel *Sartoris* represents the "glamorous fatality" of southern gentlemen. Faulkner is excessively melancholy, but he writes from a deep knowledge of his subject, he is rational and detached, and he is humane.

The novelists of England are picturing the transition from the old order of 1939. Two years ago, Harrison Smith points out in the *Saturday Review* of July 26, a melancholy air of regret at the passing of something old and beautiful pervaded English fiction. Since then, a million women and children from the slums have been cared for on English farms and in English villages, where they have mingled with a few thousand women from the expensive homes of London. Stimulated by responsibility and no longer forced to compete with cheap food from the Continent, the English farmer

is now as important as the soldier, for he produces food that cannot be obtained elsewhere. The latest novels and short stories which record this unprecedented mingling of classes and the new co-operative enterprise are filled with optimism and cheerful good humor.

In the August *Harper's* is published a quarterly "critics' poll" on current fiction and nonfiction. For each poll twenty reviewers are chosen from a group of forty who write for different newspapers throughout the country. Knight's *This above All* and Churchill's *Blood, Sweat and Tears* head the lists for August. The lists indicate that popular taste is about evenly divided between war books and non-war books.

Theatre Arts for August contains a pictorial record of the American theater from 1916 to 1941. There are sixty-seven photographs of scenes from the major plays during the twenty-five years. Beginning with John Barrymore in the great Shakespearean productions and Louis Wolheim in *What Price Glory?* one reviews, among many plays, the O'Neill productions, the Sidney Howard plays, *Liliom*, *The Dybbuk*, the Barry comedies, *Of Thee I Sing*, *Tobacco Road*, and *The Green Pastures*, finally reaching Saroyan and *Life with Father*.

In honor of V. F. Calverton, who died November 20, 1940, a memorial number of the *Modern Quarterly*, which Calverton founded and edited from 1923 until 1940, was published last May. Friends and associates of Calverton who worked with him in many activities have contributed articles on different phases of his life: George Britt on Calverton's personality, Herman Singer on the *Modern Quarterly*, Lillian Symes on Calverton the socialist, and Vera Fulton on "2110," the house in Baltimore where, for years, Calverton shared his breadth of knowledge and interests with authors, critics, humanitarian leaders, and political progressives. Twenty-three of these associates have written brief tributes to the charm of their host, his remarkable vitality, and his forceful influence. For seventeen years the *Quarterly* represented tolerance, balance, a wide range of intellectual interests, and hostility to the retrogressive. Calverton died as he had worked for seventeen years, opposing war. On the last morning of his life, George Britt tells us, he said: "Well you can say of me when I die, he wrote his own epitaph—he loved people."

In the *Vassar Journal of Undergraduate Studies* for May is published an article by Katherine R. Eisenhart on "George Meredith: A Poet-Novel-

ist." A study of Meredith's diction and images reveals that his poetry and prose share the qualities which resulted from his poetic appreciation of life.

The aims of the four-year college are to provide advanced general education, develop social outlook, and initiate the student into scholarly activities in specific fields. If these aims are to prevail in college classes, it is necessary to educate the teacher differently, according to George D. Wilson—"Should College Teachers Be Professionally Trained?" the *Journal of Higher Education* for June. Three years beyond the Bachelor's degree should be allowed for advanced study. During this period the prospective college teacher needs (1) the intensive study of a general field such as the biological sciences (not zoölogy, but the biological sciences; the humanities, not English) and the less intensive study of a second general field; (2) the study of the college as an educational agency and of its relation to other agencies; (3) practice in the organization of subject matter for teaching; (4) observation of college instruction; and (5) apprentice or directed teaching. Eliminating the present emphasis on research, greatly broadening the field of study, and including educational methods in the curriculum are the main features of the proposal.

Challenging the college administrator, the general college faculty, and the English teacher in particular, William I. Painter offers "A Composition Perspective" in the *Journal of Higher Education* for May. The usual plan of turning English I over to beginning teachers and graduate students must be eliminated in favor of, at least, a day-to-day supervision of apprentice teachers by experienced professors. A major leading to the teaching of composition, not literature, would be justified. Taking three semesters of college composition has proved to be worth while and should be encouraged. It is true, however, that students gain most rapidly in English usage when they study composition in relation to a professional interest, as, for example, when students preparing to teach take special courses in English. The general recommendation, therefore, is that all professional faculties co-operate with college English teachers in order to develop practically motivated courses in English.

A concise description of the methods by which "College Libraries Encourage Reading," by Guy R. Lyle, is published in the April *Journal of Higher Education*. Many colleges have equipped comfortably furnished reading-rooms with an attractive selection of imaginative literature, re-

cent popular books on philosophy, social questions, and other subjects of general interest, and reference books. Often such rooms are provided in dormitories or fraternity houses, sometimes with rotating collections of several hundred volumes which remain six weeks in each reading-room. Book-buying is encouraged at Swarthmore College by means of an annual \$50 prize for the best collection owned by a student. At Haverford the Logan Pearsall Smith Prize is awarded annually in much the same way, the winning collection being placed on exhibit in the library. At Antioch College, library duplicates and discards are sold to the highest bidders among the students.

A graduate seminar in the theory of language had been announced for the 1941 fall semester by President Butler of Columbia University. Four professors—representing, respectively, psychology, aesthetics, logic, and metaphysics—will co-operate in teaching the course. In the attempt to arrive at a “comprehensive understanding of meaning,” members of the seminar will “examine the implications of recent empirical and logical research in the philosophy of language and analyze the problem of associating meaning with the use of symbols” (*School and Society*, July 26).

The broad view of speech-training is defined by Elwood Murry in “Speech Personality and Social Change” (*Journal of Higher Education*, April). Speech involves absorption in the idea to be communicated and sensitivity to the response of the listener. If effective, it necessitates the closest attention to flare-ups of infantilism, prejudice, or egocentricity in the listener. Speech is conditioned by the fact, as Count Korzybski has explained, that people react to words (like “communism”) as though they were things. Innumerable psychological difficulties prevent effective speech, such as the desire to be a star, insecurity, or excessive timidity (stage fright). Competitive speech activities or activities such as dramatics which encourage self-exhibition may be so vicious as to cause a nonsocial, egocentric attitude. In recognition of these facts and in the realization of such educational aims as creative ability or mental objectivity, the speech teacher of the future should become “a technician of human relations.”

The nation-wide interest during recent years in the improvement of college entrance requirements has encouraged scientific investigation to the extent that a number of basic issues are no longer controversial. In the April *Educational Record*, Kenneth L. Heaton summarizes the research now available. Success in high-school courses may not be regarded as a prediction of success in college courses, and the relation between high-

school and college achievements in a single field of study, such as English or physics, is lower than the general correlation of high-school and college grades. Only specific understandings and abilities, such as skill in the mathematical processes needed in college physics, are reliable guides. Intelligence-test ratings correspond roughly with college grades, but many probationary students score high on intelligence tests, and many whose intelligence ratings are poor do better than average college work. Ratings by high-school principals stand in the same relation to college achievement as intelligence ratings. Ability to read well definitely helps a college student, but data on such skills as problem solving is as yet inconclusive. Strong motivation, such as a vocational interest in going to college, demonstrably helps a student do good work. Physical data is not sufficiently complete to make the effects of bad health clear, but it is known that a large percentage of college students are physically handicapped. Students who are mentally ill, of whom the proportion may be as high as 16 per cent, cannot respond effectively in college.

Allan Nevins analyzes the social and aesthetic values of the sentimental novel of propaganda in his "Helen Hunt Jackson, Sentimentalist vs. Realist," in the *American Scholar* for summer. Like other feminine reformers in New England during her time—Julia Ward Howe or Clara Barton—Helen Hunt Jackson was earnest and persistent. For years she studied the Indian question and attacked officials of the Department of the Interior, some of whom were wiser in their solutions than she. Her *Century of Dishonor* (1881), a documented indictment of the government for its Indian policies, was followed in 1884 by the novel *Ramona*, which aroused the national conscience much more effectively than the historical essay. Faulty in construction, *Ramona* falls into three parts—the idyllic picture of early California, the seizing of the land by American settlers and the routing of the Indians, and the anticlimax after the death of Ramona's Indian husband. The characters are superficially depicted, and the happy ending, Ramona's second marriage, is sentimental as well as disjointed. Still the early part of the book is vivid local color, and the narrative carries the reader along in a rush. It could not be said to have produced any change of policy in the government, but it prepared the mind of the public to appreciate the beneficial changes which "hard-headed men" like Secretary Schurz, Senator Dawes, and Moorfield Story gradually achieved.

During the last sixteen years the large promise of the regional theater has been realized by only one playwright, Paul Green. In the July *Theatre*

Arts Edith J. R. Isaacs explains this singular prominence of Paul Green. As a boy and a young man he worked on a North Carolina farm. His regional characters and settings come from long, intimate knowledge. At the beginning of his career as a playwright he enjoyed the opportunities provided by the tributary theater under Frederick Koch at the University of North Carolina, in which he has been able to experiment and test, to plan his work deliberately. His ambition has been to widen the span of the theater, to make it do all that the theater has done with the techniques of dance, song, and poetry. Though his plays come out of a regional theater, they are not specially for a regional audience, but are written for both New York and Chapel Hill; as Paul Green has said: "I am working every day to bring the two closer together in myself." The work which he is now doing illustrates the two essential characteristics of his dramas—integrity and breadth of appeal. He is collaborating with Richard Wright on *Native Son*, finishing a volume of *Life Stories of the Cape Fear Valley*, and working, with the help of the federal government, toward a large-scale production of his symphonic drama, *The Lost Colony*.

Four issues of a new magazine of poetry entitled *Furioso* have been published, including the first number which appeared in the summer of 1939. In their selection of poems, the editors, James J. Angleton and E. Reed Whittemore, have kept their standards high. The printing and the cover design are unusually attractive. Since publication dates are irregular, subscriptions are sold by number of issues, \$1.00 for four. The address is 1456 Yale Station, New Haven, Connecticut.

Contemporary book reviews rarely mention style. Generally this essential of literary excellence is no longer recognized when present or called for when absent. In his essay, "On Style in Some of the Older Writers" (*Yale Review*, summer), Clifford Bax admits that in his youth writers who tried to master a Stevensonian style became trivial and precious. Style is important, however, and of its five elements—clarity, continuity, rhythm, personality, and range—the first three may be learned. Only native excellence can give the two most important qualities, personality and range, but the lesser, acquired qualities make unmistakable contributions. Shakespeare's unfaltering ear made an immeasurable contribution to the effectiveness of his writing. In the sixteenth century prose ordinarily stumbled and halted, but by the time of the Restoration artful prose had become common; even minor playwrights wrote speeches which came trippingly from the tongue. Throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries writers were style conscious, and in the writing of the greater men the five essentials are all present.

In a utilitarian culture poetry is the kind of education which is not for use. We are now, however, in a time that demands belief. To resist the machines of fright, honesty is not enough, nor the *a, b, c, d* of logic; we must develop our strength with imagination—the attitude of poetry. It is essential, writes Muriel Rukeyser in *Poetry* for July, that we avoid weakness and formalism before censorship and disguise are imposed upon us; it is necessary that we communicate “the usable truth,”—whatever possibility of life there is in our tradition. If we can keep our meanings alive, their communication itself may mean discovery.

A valuable bibliography of American poetry from 1930 to 1940 is printed in the summer *Accent*. The list of books is restricted to those published in the United States and divided according to year of publication. American poets come first in each division, either by volumes of new poems or by collected editions; other features include selected anthologies, American criticism and biography, and British writing published in America. References to important reviews are printed under the titles of the volumes to which they apply. Prices and publishers accompany each title. At the end, the alphabetical Index contains the names of approximately one hundred and fifty American poets. The remarkable increase in poetic activity as the decade progressed shows that talk of a “poetry renaissance” in the late 1930's is not groundless.

Written over many years, *Remembrance of Things Past* by Marcel Proust is a story which defines the attitudes of a lifetime toward the shifting pictures of French aristocracy in its period of collapse. Edwin Berry Burgum's “Into the Night,” *Accent* for summer, is an explanation of Proust's characters and situations as symbols of decadence. As a boy, Proust could take a walk along Swann's way, which passed the luxuriant estate of a wealthy bourgeois, or he could choose the way of the aristocratic Guermantes, which passed an aloof and mysterious chateau, centuries old. Members of Proust's family scorned Swann's way, because the bourgeois Swann strove for a higher place than he merited. For them, only the Guermantes could exemplify the social ideal. For Proust, however, as he grew older and realized the weakness of the surviving Guermantes, Swann represented the hope of a new aristocracy, to be built on bourgeois enterprise and vitality. But Swann after being accepted in aristocratic circles only frittered away his talents, and the aging Proust was to be disillusioned even more bitterly. The rapacious Verdurins buy their way eventually into the aristocracy and are rewarded for their pains by the marriage of a daughter to a homosexual Baron de Charlus, who symbolizes the negation of value and the return to social chaos. Proust had

the one social ideal only, the aristocratic. Writing was to him a protection against flux and disillusionment, even though his subject matter was the social collapse and his personal bitterness. The ending of his book therefore exhausted him, but for us he created an objective history of the aristocratic ideal in France as it degenerated before the rise of fascism.

The "Canadian Number" of *Poetry*, published in April, contains an essay by E. K. Brown on the historical development of poetry in Canada. The first of two flowerings occurred between 1880 and 1914, the time of Bliss Carmen. Canadian poetry was then generally in the Romantic tradition of subject matter and sentiment, for example, in its abundance of nature lyrics and in its melodiousness in form. Since the first World War, the development of Canadian poetry resembles that of England or the United States; it is indebted to Hopkins and Eliot; it is learned and satirical; and it is richer, more inclusive or realistic, in character delineation than the earlier poetry.

A survey of tendencies in recent criticism, H. J. Muller's "The New Criticism in Poetry" (*Southern Review* for spring) makes helpful distinctions for the reader who has allowed the current to flow past him. Considering together a number of volumes from different schools of thought enables a reader to know what special values to expect and what limitations to allow for in recent critics who collectively offer a dynamic interpretation of literature, past and present, in relation to contemporary life.

We first appreciate the inclusiveness and general soundness of books such as Elizabeth Drew's *Directions in Modern Poetry*, Emery Neff's *A Revolution in European Poetry* (1660-1900), and Henry W. Wells's *New Poets from Old*. Their value consists in showing the range of poetry, its many origins, kinds and, purposes. Generous in their acceptance of our poetic tradition as a whole, these critics demonstrate the multiple relations between the new poetry and the old. Their writing is an antidote to the more stimulating and original but narrower, more specialized achievements of the "new critics."

Second, we approach the criticism which reflects some recent and characteristic point of view. Representative critics tend to pursue one of two interests: they stress the social relevance of poetry or they stress poetical technique and slight the larger issues of value. R. P. Blackmur in *The Expense of Greatness*, though difficult in style and deficient in fundamental theory of poetry, is illuminating upon the degree to which writers have expressed their subjects. In his specific judgments he has much to offer about the formal means by which the poet can convey an illusion of actuality. The value of *Modern Poetry and the Tradition*, by Cleanth Brooks,

also lies in the skill with which Mr. Brooks analyzes poetic technique, particularly the technique of metaphysical poetry. He shows how in metaphysical poetry metaphor is functional and organic; imagery, symbolism, and metrics are inseparable from what is being said. The assumptions behind Augustan, Romantic, and Victorian criticism—that metaphor is ornament, that the intellectual faculty is opposed to the emotional faculty, etc.—prove to be unsound. He solidly builds up his concluding assertion that the orthodox histories of English poetry need to be rewritten to allow for a more vital conception of the nature of poetry, and he illuminates the structure and value of contemporary metaphysical poems. His most serious limitations are his exclusiveness, his disparagement of poetry between the seventeenth century and the twentieth, and his failure to weigh properly the underlying attitudes, the world-view, expressed by the poet.

Not so skilful in the analysis of poetic technique and not so penetrating in their specific judgments, Louis MacNeice (*Modern Poetry*) and David Daiches (*Poetry and the Modern World*) explain the poet's relation to society. Mr. MacNeice believes that a poet ought to be conscious of himself primarily as a man, not merely as a poet. He can freely grant that the significant "meaning" of a poem is more than its logical paraphrase, but he can also see that meaning is nevertheless fundamental and not to be distinguished sharply from intellectual or moral significance. Mr. Daiches in his primary concern with the public relations of the poet does not entirely escape the Marxist simplicities. He may, for example, overpraise C. Day Lewis because of his ideas. But he does not divide man into a political and aesthetic animal, and, on the whole, he is fair to the poet both as citizen and as poet.

USEFUL DOCUMENTS

The Library Key: An Aid in Using Books and Libraries, by Zaidee Brown (4th and rev. ed.; New York: Wilson, 1940; \$0.70), is recommended by Carter Alexander, in the June *Journal of Higher Education*, as "the greatest value for the money known to the writer" among books on the use of library materials. Containing practice questions and exercises *The Library Key* is written for high-school or college students and adults.

Articles by George A. Works, Lawrence L. Bethel, and Aaron J. Brumbaugh, representing the second conference on the accrediting of institutions of higher learning, are published in *Cooperation in Accrediting Procedures*, Volume V of the American Council on Education Studies, April, 1941. Office of the Council: 744 Jackson Place, Washington, D.C.

BOOKS

A VERSATILE TEXTBOOK

The first weeks in freshman English are critical ones. The degree of zest and momentum achieved then are sometimes alarmingly decisive. For the responsibilities are important ones: students must be inducted into college; they must be launched into the "humanities"; they must begin reading in adult fashion; and they must be led into thinking which will lead to writing; and all these enterprises must begin simultaneously.

Professor Balch's excellent collection, *Modern Short Biographies and Autobiographies*,¹ no doubt can be used in a number of spots during the college year. One college found it useful at this crucial freshman period—a good starter.

Students met in it some stimulating persons they had not known before—John Reed, James Joyce, George Bellows, Florence Nightingale, Goethe. They found new slants on Amy Lowell, Mrs. Lincoln, P. T. Barnum, Chiang Kai-shek, Clarence Day. They read what discriminating adult writers have to say about college life in retrospect. And they found the book appetizing; they "read ahead." It led them to the college library and it started discussion on human motives and solutions. It was good reading experience.

And it furnished the much-desired something-to-write-about, for pieces about people are as natural as gossip. It gave, moreover, material for an inductive and comparative survey of needed new skills in writing, particularly with relation to the goal of interest—both in what is said and in how it is said. It made clear the value of freshness of material; the need of a new slant on valuable old material; the endless possibilities of giving new life to writing by human interest, the right detail, neat phrasing, and what not.

It suggested the writing of an extended personal essay—not merely the old "autobiography," but an analysis of circumstances important in making the writer what he was; circumstances that determined his choices and possibilities or the lack of them; that changed his trend in life or character. It thus involved a sort of personal inventory and thus

¹ Marston Balch, *Modern Short Biographies and Autobiographies*. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1940.

led to the thinking-out of a subject with a somewhat conscious technique, and to a consideration of conditions favorable to creative thought.

Professor Balch's book thus afforded a preview of the year's work, a procedure that suggests its versatility.

DAVIDA MCCASLIN

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CENTURY READINGS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE¹

Now in its fifth edition, this work which helped in its first edition of 1910 to establish the sophomore survey as a traditional course in American colleges, is itself a tradition. It is a tradition, however, that has grown and adapted itself to new procedures and attitudes.

Most significant as a new contribution is its concession to the principles of visual education in including as an introduction pictures of famous writers. In this section are thirty-four full-page monochrome portraits of the most important English writers, twelve quarter-page portraits, and reproductions of eleven title-pages and sample leaves. These latter range in time and type from a page of the *Beowulf* manuscript to the title-page of the *Lyrical Ballads*. This is a textbook contribution of the first magnitude toward the arousing of student interest in writers and will no doubt be followed by imitators.

The new edition does not go all the way with some of the later survey anthologies in combining text and history, but it does provide succinct characterizations of each period as a preface as well as the customary brief introductions to each author. Needless to say, the introductions, though conservative, reflect the very latest scholarship. A recognized advantage is the placing of explanatory notes at the bottom of the page.

Other teaching aids, not unique in this volume however, are the map of London in the inside front cover, with some famous buildings, and the map of England in the back cover. Of value are the ample genealogical and chronological tables accompanying each period introduction.

As to the selections, teachers will differ in their reactions. No longer is the survey the one universal course for sophomores, and a good many changes in attitude have developed where the survey is retained. Some will lament the failure to reprint any plays later than those of the Chester cycle. Others will react unfavorably to the use of excerpts from such poems

¹ Edited by Cunliffe, Young, and Van Doren. New York: Appleton-Century Co., 1940.

as *The Seasons*, or *The Castle of Indolence*, and especially *Absalom and Achitophel*. Again, one new trend of considerable importance is the concentration upon a few major authors in the course rather than covering more hurriedly a larger number, as this more traditional text does. It may be argued that here is plenty of material for either approach, but the lack of full texts of major works as well as range of texts will handicap teachers of the newer school. It is to be noted, however, that, though the book is traditional in its offerings and conservative in its recognition of Puritan attitudes, its editors have striven for freshness in selections. Especially gratifying are the appearance of *The Nut-Browne Maid*, the reprinting of parts of Books III, VII, and XII of *Paradise Lost*, and the section containing some seventy-five pages of twentieth-century prose and verse.

THOMAS F. DUNN

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

[Mention under this head does not preclude review elsewhere.]

FOR THE GENERAL READER

Restless Are the Sails. By Evelyn Eaton. Harper. \$2.50.

The author of *Quietly My Captain Waits* presents a story of the French in eighteenth-century America. Paul de Mornay, a prisoner of war in New England, escaped, determined to warn the French at Louisburg of the planned invasion. Around the experiences of this romantic adventurer the author writes an authentic and colorful historical novel.

The Blind Man's House. By Hugh Walpole. Doubleday. \$2.50.

This final Walpole book—published a few days after his death—is a character-study story of a small English town, a blind man, and his wife. It presents both the lovely and the petty—as found in most villages and most lives.

The Transposed Heads. By Thomas Mann. Knopf. \$2.00.

Upon an old Sanskrit tale Mann has built a dramatic novelette of fantasy, an old human triangle, and the emptiness of granted wishes.

Best American Short Stories, 1941. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.75.

This last of the O'Brien collections, completed shortly before his death, is of particular interest because these stories are representative of the recent changes in method, form, and content. Harrison Smith says that it is in short stories, usually by younger writers, that we first notice a comprehension of significant social changes, which later are the basis of novels.

Look at All Those Roses. By Elizabeth Bowen. Knopf. \$2.50.

These sketches and character studies are delicate, subtle examples of the author's superb craftsmanship. Most of her stories are of pre-war beauty too thinly covering ugliness and decadence.

In the Mill. By John Masefield. Macmillan. \$2.00.

In his early youth England's Poet Laureate worked for two years in a carpet mill in New York. His recollections of his work and of his comrades, his love for the surrounding country, which he found beautiful in summer and hateful in winter, and his yearning for England are clear and nostalgic. Perhaps of most important interest is his account of how he learned to read—his self-education. His comments about factory workers and his happiness in New York, although he felt and wanted to remain an alien, are of particular interest now when so many refugees are with us.

Low on the War. By David Low. Simon & Schuster. \$2.00.

This cartoon commentary of the years 1939-41 may easily be more powerful than many of the notable war books. Hitler in the hand of God saying, "You may have begun man—but I, Adolph Hitler, finished him," is funny, and no hero can afford to be laughed at. In Mr. Low's Introduction is an excellent analysis of propaganda and modern war.

The Wound and the Bow: Seven Studies in Literature. By Edmund Wilson. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.00.

A study of personality traits found in great writers: Dickens, Kipling, Casanova, Edith Wharton, Hemingway, James Joyce, Philoctetes, and Sophocles.

Last Man around the World. By Stephen Longstreet. Random. \$3.00.

An unorthodox travel, adventure, and commentary book; humorous, keen, and satirical, full of information and beauty. A book to read, to think about, and to share with others.

The Ground We Stand On. By John Dos Passos. Harcourt. \$3.50.

A study of the early influences which formed American life, including the lives of such men as Dos Passos believes contributed most to the foundation of the American democracy: Roger Williams, Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Adams, Jefferson, and Joel Barlow. He quotes Jefferson as saying "I am sensible that there are defects in our federal government," and reminds us of Aesop's frogs that chose a king. His closing thought is that if we can maintain self-government at home we have nothing to fear.

Steamboat Days. By Fred Erving Dayton. Tudor. \$0.89.

In these days when authors are busily writing historical fiction and the study of American history is in the foreground, early transportation and rivers are of great interest. This history of steamboat days, allied to frontier development, is romantic, colorful, and enlightening.

William Allen White: The Man from Emporia. By Everett Rich. Farrar & Rinehart. \$3.00.

This is the first comprehensive biography of America's great journalist and editor. The author has used copiously White's own writings as printed in the *Emporia Gazette*.

in books, and in magazines. This is also the story of a town, its people, and an American way of living. To read it is to feel a renewed faith in a future built in part upon the triumphs of such democratic Americans.

The Hero in America: A Chronicle of Hero-Worship. By Dixon Wecter. Scribner. \$3.50.

The author, professor of English at the University of California, has a reputation as a competent, unbiased interpreter of American history. He does not confine his study to presidents and robber-barons; he writes of an infinite variety of Americans, including naturalized immigrants, legendary figures, and composite heroes.

Victoria's Heir: The Education of a Prince. By George Dangerfield. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.00.

Dangerfield traces the rise of a new order prophetic of the present world-chaos in this life of the prince, his relations with his indomitable mother, the society he mingled with in European capitals, the statesmen whom his mother favored, and, above all, the antagonism between the prince and his German nephew, the Kaiser. Little stress is laid on the indiscretions of the prince-king. The foreboding developments of social changes, as the author sees them in retrospect, grow in importance as the historical events lead toward the present dire conditions.

The Don Flows to the Sea. By Mikhail Sholokhov. Knopf. \$3.50.

This long novel (which may live) completes the story begun in that excellent book, *And Quiet Flows the Don*—the history of Don Cossacks in the years following the Russian Revolution. An important book just at this moment when we wish to know and understand the Russian people. It pictures the Cossacks as their fortunes fluctuate between the Reds and the Whites—their passion and despair, their final exhaustion.

The Sound of Wings. By Arthur Goodrich. Appleton-Century. \$2.50.

Tom Clary was a good man; if he seems too good—well, he met adversity with faith and courage, while trials that would make many of us cynics he took in his stride, clinging to his belief that most people are honest. His story covers the period, between our two world wars, of the rise of the aviation industry, in which Tom was a genius.

Good Neighbors. By Hubert Herring. Yale University Press. \$3.00.

The author has for years given serious study to South American affairs. He believes that we have been romanticizing many of our notions about these republics. He writes pointedly of various European influences and subversive actions. It is an excellent study of state matters for readers who will trouble to become informed about conditions in South America and the possibilities of German control.

The Keys of the Kingdom. By A. J. Cronin. Little, Brown. \$2.50.

The author of *Hatter's Castle* and *The Citadel* has written another equally fine novel. (Sentimental?) It is the story of Francis Chisholm, a Scots priest, an individualist, and an idealist who believed that love for his fellow-man, tolerance, and humility constituted religion. Fame, fortune, and recognition came to others, while Father Chisholm, worthy of rich rewards, went his hard, self-sacrificing, cheerful way, conscious of disappointments. We feel with the young man who came to scoff, "O Lord, let me learn something from this old man."

The Last Frontier. By Howard Fast. Duell, Sloan. \$2.50.

Again a frontier novel views with new honesty the past and present treatment of the Indians. Many readers are unconscious of the fact that the Indian is yet an important social factor and will soon hold the balance of power in several states. While the plot concerns the flight of the Cheyennes from Wyoming to Montana, and with the incompetence and blundering of military and Indian agents—in which the author is chiefly concerned with his character—the book also deals with the impact upon frontiersmen and the future influence of the Indian.

Manhold. By Phyllis Bentley. Macmillan. \$2.50.

A fine psychological study, which, Miss Bentley says, "completes, at least for the present, the series of studies of Yorkshire history in fiction form"—the years 1720-1805. The House of Manhold is a symbol of the avarice which brings tragedy through the generations. Characteristic of the author's previous books are the dominant themes of inheritance and hope for the future through enlightenment.

The Captain from Connecticut. By C. S. Forester. Little, Brown. \$2.50.

The author of *Captain Horatio Hornblower* has written another sea story—time, 1812; hero, an American. Good reading but less carefully plotted and written than his former success.

Shelter. By Jane Nicholson. Viking. \$2.50.

A novel sent by clipper from England. People who should know consider it the best book yet printed about Londoners under bombing, their reactions to hardships and suffering, the meannesses and the brotherhood, the stiffening patriotism.

Nine Mile Swamp. By Harriet McDougal Daniels. Penn. \$2.50.

A novel of old New York State in pre-Civil War days and of the outlaw Loomis gang. The Loomises were horse thieves and counterfeiters, well organized and with wide connections. They were not, says the author, who grew up familiar with their legends, a low-lived, ill-bred gang but a big, kindly, friendly family with some social and political standing. They operated a fine farm and concealed their horses in a supposedly impenetrable swamp.

All of Their Lives. By Myron Brinig. Farrar. \$2.75.

A story of two schoolgirls, their emotional antagonism, and what life did to them as they grew older. The time is about 1900, the locale the Middle West. Many readers turn to such a colorful, dramatic novel as a release from social treatises and history.

The Neutral Ground. By Frank O. Hough. Lippincott. \$2.75.

Again we have a novel based upon the American Revolution: the Tory point of view, the loyalists, the farmers and villagers, many of whom would have chosen to be neutral, the persecutions, unscrupulous profiteering (to which we are becoming accustomed in all our war stories), the arrogance of British officers and regulars.

The Skies of Europe. By Frederick Prokosch. Harper. \$2.50.

Through the capitals of Europe wandered a young journalist, making friends everywhere and conscious of the darkening skies in a world soon to be threatened by Nazis. He is moved by the spiritual struggles of people tossed aside by life, the tragedy of up-

rooted and bewildered youth and old age. A story of transition, of a social order not yet accepted or understood.

The Poetry of Flight. Edited by Selden Rodman. Duell, Sloan. \$2.00.

From Shakespeare to Anne Morrow Lindbergh and Antoine de Saint Exupéry, Rodman has chosen and organized selections to express man's desire to fly and the emotions of the flier—for pleasure and profit in peace, for destruction in war. A choice book.

Familiar Faces. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Farrar. \$2.50.

Eleven short, well-written stories of remarkable variety.

Reveille in Washington, 1860-1865. By Margaret Leech. Harper. \$2.75.

The author has definitely sought to be nonpartisan. Very vividly she has re-created the life in the nation's capital during the Civil War. Many disclosures are shocking, not only those which at the time seemed of great importance but those lesser events which in time proved to have had a serious influence as a part of the great drama. This picture of political America during a great war is significant, amusing, and appalling. Perhaps the author saw a parallelism.

Northwest Gateway. By Archie Binns. Doubleday. \$3.00.

This story of the birth and growth of Seattle is exceedingly well written and of interest to readers who seek to know and understand the growth of the frontier.

Eskimoland Speaks. By W. B. Van Valin. Caxton. \$3.50.

Eskimoland lies at the tip of northernmost Alaska, buried in ice except for a short summer. The author lived there for years as head of an exploration party, leader of an archeological project. He discovered and excavated a prehistoric village and placed many antiquities in our national museum. These vivid glimpses of the land and life are enlivened by many photographs. The book is handmade, the binding attractive, and print and paper exceptionally good.

No Life for a Lady. By Agnes Morley Cleaveland. Houghton. \$3.00.

This "Life in America Prize" book is the story of an old timer who grew up in the New Mexico country of which she writes. Her father was a construction engineer of the Santa Fe and her mother a cultured woman, but to a certain extent the children went native. She writes with dignity a humorous, nostalgic, authentic story of an era long since vanished.

Two Survived. By Guy Pearce Jones. Random House. \$2.00.

One of the most incredible and harrowing tales of the sea ever written is this story of two men, nineteen and twenty-one, who drifted in an eighteen-foot jolly boat for seventy days. They were seamen on a British freighter sunk by a German raider last August off the coast of Africa.

Say, Is This the U.S.A.? By Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Bourke-White. Duell, Sloan. \$3.75.

This significant picture-and-story book by two creative artists meets a growing demand made by readers who feel a wide interest in and appreciation of the wealth of color, tradition, and beauty to be found in their own country. Caldwell says: "We started

on a 10,000 mile trip to find out what Americans are doing these days . . . for the most part they are finding greater fulfillment in their own individual lives . . . than keeping up with the Joneses. . . . They are concerned about a roof over their heads, their children's preparation for life, and the *future of America*."

Sodom by the Sea: An Affectionate History of Coney Island. By Oliver Pilat and Jo Ransom. Doubleday. \$3.00.

Sunday visitors are estimated at 1,250,000. Written by two newspapermen who have given much study to the past and present of this national institution. Very American and very interesting; a cause for meditation.

The Coast of Maine. By Samuel Chamberlain. Hastings House. \$2.00.

This attractive little book contains a collection of beautiful photographs of villages, farmhouses, fishing shacks, and typical Maine scenes. Pleasant, instructive, and a joy to own.

I Was a Nazi Flier. By Gottfried Leske. Dial. \$2.50.

The diary of a German flight sergeant now interned in Canada. (It was smuggled into this country and is believed to be authentic.) It makes disturbing reading because it reveals hate as the youth's only emotion; his utter subordination, his ignorance and stupidity, as we judge him—and he is one of so many.

You Can't Do Business with Hitler. By Douglas Miller. Little, Brown. \$1.50.

Miller, commercial attaché of our embassy in Berlin, was one of the few diplomats for whom Ambassador Dodd had respect. He has spent fifteen years in Germany and believes that we must not let Hitler organize Europe against us. The outlook for the United States in case of a German victory is bleak. It is at least important for readers to get the viewpoint of a man who has had excellent opportunity to judge Hitler and the German people, who believes that the Nazis can be beaten. Miller's wife is a German.

Berlin Diary. By William L. Shirer. Knopf. \$3.00.

Shirer, an American newsman stationed in Germany from 1934 through 1940, is probably unbiased and certainly thoroughly informed. The book opens with an account of the events leading up to the war, and the rest of it is largely devoted to activities behind the German lines and to the Nazi point of view. Personal impressions of Hitler abound. Shirer is convinced that there will be no democratic way of life if Hitler wins.

What "Mein Kampf" Means to America. By Francis Hackett. Reynal-Hitchcock. \$2.00.

Readers with too little time or inclination to read the whole of Hitler's lengthy treatise will find Mr. Hackett's review and interpretation most revealing. The clear statements of Hitler's plan for race domination, his contempt for democracy, his clever use of propaganda, and his intent of world-domination are appalling.

The New Testament in Basic English. By a Group of Semantic Scholars and Bible Scholars. Dutton. \$2.00.

This simplified translation, in less than a thousand words of basic English, can be understood by everybody. "It is intended for anyone from whom the rich and musical

speech of the Authorized Version sometimes conceals, by its very familiarity, the real, basic meaning of the text."

The American Drama, 1930-1940. By Joseph Mersand. Modern Chapbooks. \$2.00.

An interesting and unpretentious study of the reasons for the success or failure of plays produced during the last decade. Part I contains essays on the dramatists Kaufman, Rice, Clare Boothe, and Odets. Part II is made up of chapters on biographical plays, dramas of social significance, plays written by women, and plays which represent "The Rediscovery of the Imagination."

Winged Warfare. By Major General H. H. Arnold and Colonel Ira C. Eaker. Harper. \$3.00.

"How air power has changed the face of the world and what it means to our national security." This book, written for the general reader, is significant because the authors are experienced military airmen.

My Own Four Walls. By Don Rose. Doubleday. \$2.00.

This story of how one man struggled for twenty-five years to make a home out of a century-old field-stone house is richly rewarding to him and to his readers. He rejoices in the spirit of the old builders more than in the plumbing and electricity, and while the approach is both poetic and philosophic there is a foundation of practicality and common sense even when he muses, "leaned on his gate . . ." and "the murmur of a thousand years. . . ."

Central America: Challenge and Opportunity. By Charles Morrow Wilson. Holt. \$3.00.

An excellent travel-book, handsomely illustrated.

The Battle for Asia. By Edgar Snow. Random. \$3.75.

The author of *Red Star Over China* analyzes the present situation in China and her relations with Japan, Russia, England, the United States, and Germany. Recent developments make Edgar Snow's study of the Orient peculiarly important to United States readers.

How To Study Pictures. By Charles H. Coffin. Revised by Roberta M. Fousler and Alfred Busselle. Appleton-Century. \$4.00.

The method employed throughout the book, which surveys the art of painting from the thirteenth century to the present day, is comparative study. Representing each period or school, two pictures which appear side by side are analyzed in detail.

English History in English Fiction. By Sir John Marriott. Dutton. \$2.75.

"This book is confessedly an adventure," the author says. He sketches English history from Roman times to the nineteenth century, making copious references to and extracts from historical novels, the list of which, printed at the end of the book, comprehends G. A. Henty, Marion Crawford, and Quiller-Couch.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR

An Arrant Knave and Other Plays. By Steele MacKaye. Edited by his son, Percy MacKaye. Princeton University Press. \$5.00.

Volume XI of "America's Lost Plays." Four popular comedies written between 1875 and 1889 and produced by the author, who built theaters and invented the first moving stage: *Rose Michel*, *Won at Last*, *In Spite of All*, and *An Arrant Knave*.

The Cowled Lover and Other Plays. By Robert Montgomery Bird. Edited by Edward O'Neill. Princeton University Press. \$5.00.

Volume XII of "America's Lost Plays." Two tragedies in blank verse, one modeled on *Romeo and Juliet*, and two farce comedies, one unfinished, all written in 1827. Of the four plays, only the comedy *News of the Night* has been produced, by the Columbia Laboratory Players in 1929.

Bread Loaf Book of Plays. Edited by Hortense Moore. Middlebury College Press, Middlebury, Vt. \$3.00.

Written and produced at the Bread Loaf School of English, six plays in one or two acts have been chosen for the anthology. A photograph and production notes accompany the text of each play. The writing is experimental, amusing, and very literary.

AA, Teacher of English Teachers. Selections from the Writings of Allan Abbott with Editorial Notes by Franklin T. Baker and Others. Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University.

A tribute to Professor Abbott which vividly expresses the charm, sensitivity, and skill of this influential leader in the teaching of English. The longer pieces reprinted in the volume are "The Imaginative Element in Poetry" and "The Intellectual Content of Poetry." Satirical favorites such as "A Fish-centered School" and rhymes from "Goose Up to Date" make up the last section.

Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe. By Frayne Williams. Dutton. \$5.00.

A miscellany of monographs on Shakespeare, his time, the stage history of his plays, and Shakespearean criticism. Written fluently and attractively printed, this is a good bedside book on Shakespeare, either for the general reader or for the student.

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An anthology for college composition classes (of general interest, however) divided into three parts: *First Person Singular*—childhood, youth, courtship, and homemaking; *The Arts of Living*—education, adventure, the fine arts, and humor; and *Portrait of a World*—Americanism, science, war, and politics. The selections include poetry, drama, story, and essay, imaginatively written and enjoyable. The tone is firmly, quietly assuring, and the writing selected is distinguished rather by literary merit than by exposition of the specific, immediate issues. Each volume is attractively bound in flexible cloth.

The American Reader. Edited by Claude M. Simpson and Allan Nevins. Heath. \$2.50.

Selections grouped mainly by literary types which portray American scenes and express American attitudes. Writings from the major authors are plentiful, as are also interpretations of American life by recent journalists, essayists, and historians. The last piece is Wallace Stegner's *Remembering Laughter*, the realistic novelette of an Iowa farm.

First Aid in English Composition. By Frederick A. Manchester and Harriet Tibbals. Macmillan. \$1.00.

A textbook in English designed to aid in the removal of the worst technical errors common in the themes of college Freshmen and in the better understanding of the principles of English grammar. Although there are separate chapters on the problems of writing a full-length composition, emphasis throughout is upon syntax and inflection.

Essays for the Study of Structure and Style. By Leo E. A. Saidla. Macmillan. \$2.25.

An essay anthology in which the selections are classified according to their value in illustrating principles of structure and principles of style. Generous editorial helps and exercises and comprehensiveness in the selection of types make the book a highly useful classroom instrument.

The Art of Literary Criticism. Edited by Paul Robert Lieder and Robert Withington. Appleton-Century. \$3.50.

An anthology of criticism from Plato to Conrad. The essays treat the fundamental issues of literary art, its purpose and value, the psychology of literary creation and the nature of the imagination, and the distinctions among the types and forms of literature. Most of the essays are complete. The selection of major critics representing different nationalities is admirable.

Literary Criticism: Pope to Croce. By Gay Wilson Allen and Harry Hayden Clark. American Book. \$4.00.

The second half of the American Book Company's anthology; an attractive, comprehensive volume containing essays by American, English, French, Italian, German, Scandinavian, and Russian writers who sum up the main tendencies of aesthetic and philosophical criticism for the last two centuries. There is a brief introduction with a discriminating bibliography for each author.

Fundamentals of College Composition. By George MacKendrick Gregory and Archibald Currie Jordan. Holt. \$2.20.

A textbook of 550 pages designed to assist teachers in correcting the common errors of grammar, spelling, and other aspects of writing. "The authors would call their presentation an objective approach," which means that they have selected and analyzed problems of usage by examining thousands of freshman themes. An elaborate book, meticulously written.

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Well-chosen selections, both old and new, for each of the standard types represented. A sturdy and neatly designed volume, although the large pages set in ten-point type are somewhat heavy.

Harbrace Handbook of English. By John C. Hodges. Harcourt, Brace. \$1.25.

Concise written and well indexed, this handbook is conventional in its methods of grouping problems of usage and conservative in its adherence to formal rules, very infrequently distinguishing informal from formal style.

The College Writer. By Bernard L. Jefferson and Harry Houston Peckham. Odyssey. \$2.00.

The kinds of writing classified under the general headings "Exposition," "Description," and "Narration," with practical subdivisions on such types as "The Popularizing Article." The text contains many illustrations (usually brief), exercises, and a handbook of formal grammar.

The Technique of Composition. By Kendall B. Taft, John Francis McDermott, and Dana O. Jensen. 3d ed. Farrar & Rinehart. \$1.40.

A formal textbook on the mechanics and forms of writing which presents a conservative, analytical description of the techniques, with little attention to the psychology of expression or communication.

Modern Composition and Rhetoric. By Dana O. Jensen, R. Morell Schmitz, and Henry F. Thoma. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.25.

A revision of the first edition (1935) with a new emphasis upon writing as communication. In Part I the main topics are paragraph development and sentence structure; in Part II, the most substantial section, the major forms of exposition are analyzed, with a wealth of illustration; in Part III the subject is style; and Part IV contains an elaborate handbook on the practical difficulties of grammar, diction, and mechanics.

Writing and Thinking. By Norman Foerster and J. M. Stedman. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.40.

A handbook of composition and revision in which the distinction between colloquial and formal usage is carefully explained wherever it exists. Most of the material is organized as it was in the first edition: statement of principle, illustration, and sentence exercises. Much of the book has been re-written in order to bring it up to date.

College Readings for Inductive Study. Edited by Arward Starbuck and Notley S. Maddox. Dryden Press. \$1.95.

In the selections from contemporary and timely writers and in the grouping under such general ideas as habits, freedom, and Americanism, this volume resembles the standard textbook for college composition. It is unusual, in a minor respect, for the brevity of the pieces included and, mainly, for the abundance of thought-provoking questions for study and discussion which follow each selection.

A Free Man's Forum. Edited by Edwin R. Clapp and Sydney W. Angleman. Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.25.

An integrated volume for college composition classes on the outstanding issues for American democracy in the present world-conflict. The essays present the ideologies of the European nations, the American traditions, and the problems of economic struggle and international relations. The writing is vigorous, argumentative, and expository. There are questions for discussion and topics for writing.

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